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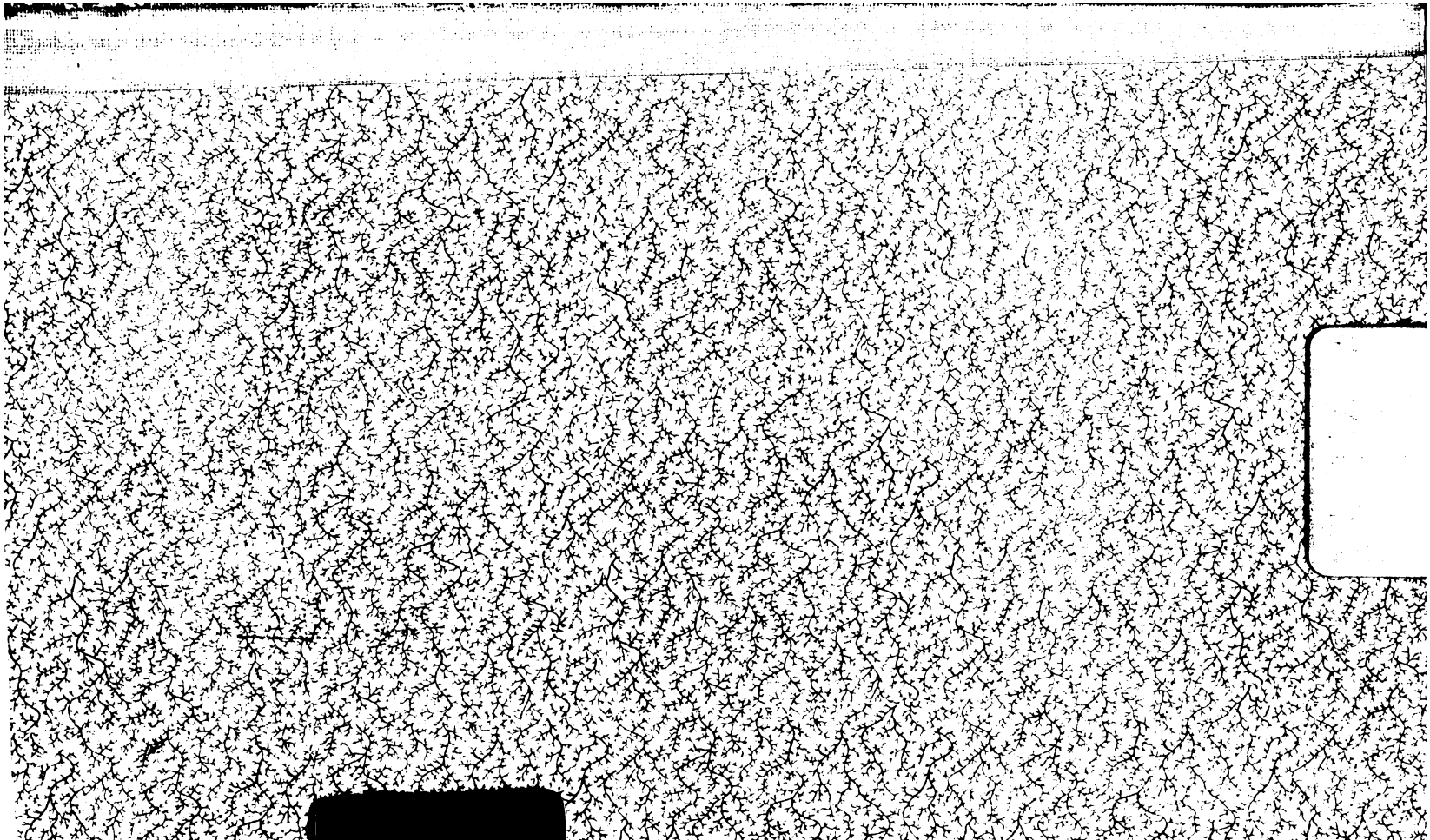
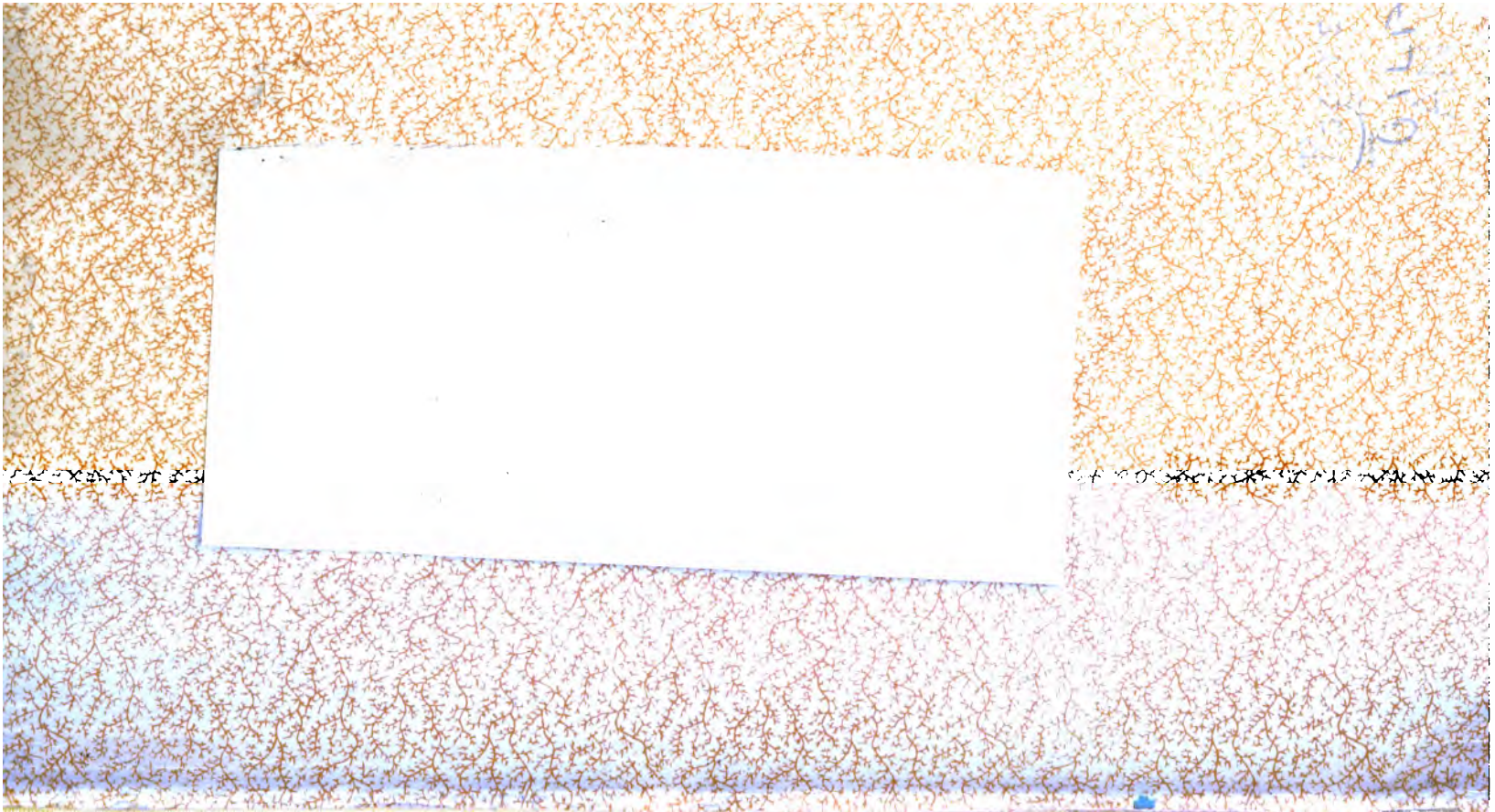




N 1364

Thomas Eyre Bailey Manor near Ringwood Hants y^d 23^d June 1808

Number Thirteen hundred and Sixty four

nerica.—GILPIN (Rev. Wm.) Memoirs Commander Rogers, of H.M. Ship Quebec, frontispiece, boards, 4s 1808
was in many engagements during the War in America and France, including the Siege of Charleston, which surrendered mainly through his tion in cutting the boom, by which the harbour s blocked.

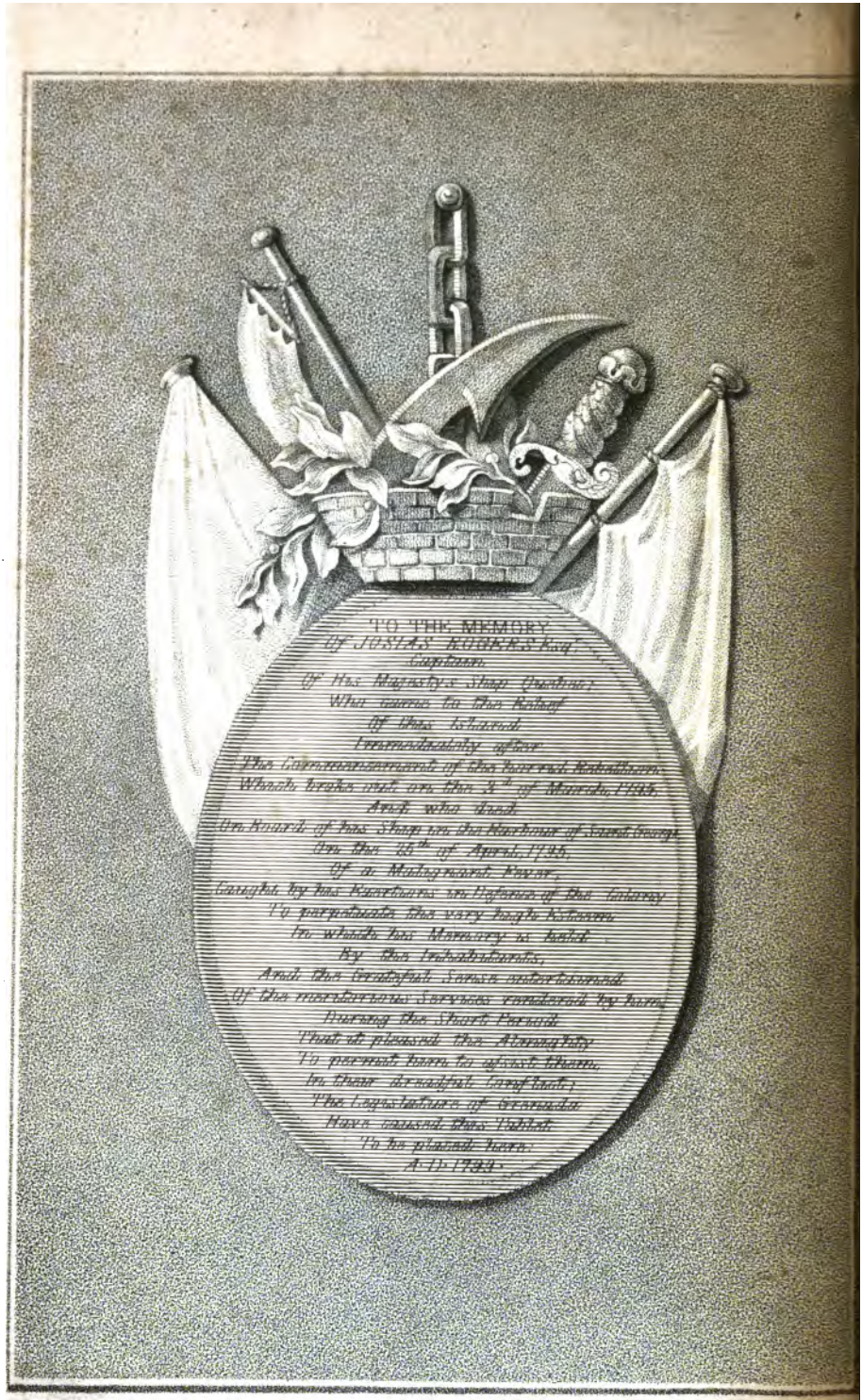
MEMOIRS

OF

CAPT. JOSIAS ROGERS, R.N.

&c. &c. &c.

G. Woodfall, Printer,
Paternoster-row.


TO THE MEMORY
Of JOSIAS ROGERS Esq.r
Captain
Of His Majesty's Ship Quebec
Who came to the Relief
Of this Island
Immediately after
The Commencement of the horrid Rebellion
Which broke out on the 2.d of March, 1795.
And who died
On Board of his Ship in the Harbour of Saint George
On the 18.th of April, 1795.
Of a Malignant Fever,
Caught by his Exertions in Defence of the Colony
To perpetuate the very high Esteem
In which his Memory is held
By the Inhabitants,
And the Grateful Sense acknowledged
Of the meritorious Services rendered by him,
During the Short Period
That it pleased the Almighty
To permit him to assist them,
In their dreadful Conflict,
The Legislature of Grenada
Have caused this Tablet
To be placed here:
A.D. 1795.

Monument erected by a Vote of the Assembly in the Island of Grenada.

MEMOIRS

OF

JOSIAS ROGERS, ESQ.

COMMANDER OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP

QUEBEC.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GILPIN, A.M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, AND VICAR OF BOLDRE, IN NEW FOREST.

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LONDON:

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☆ S.P. AVERY

TO

SIR ANDREW SNAPE HAMMOND, BART.

COMPTROLLER OF THE NAVY.

SIR,

THOUGH I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with you, I trust the following pages will not be an unacceptable present to you. You, and I are both interested in the amiable, and respectable subject of them. He was a friend of yours, and a parishioner of mine. To you he was particularly dear. You brought him up; and under your auspices he learned those lessons of naval knowledge, which were the foundation of all the noble actions of his life. Fortunate, Sir, you have been in introducing such a man to

the service of his country.—I could mention another*, whom you trained up in the same field of glory; and who was likewise the intimate friend of the subject of these papers.—With him I was no way acquainted—except—as numbers were besides me—from his excellent character, both in, and out of his profession. Both these excellent young men are now gone; and have left such examples behind, as will not, I fear, in many instances be copied—in none probably outdone.

The material from whence the following memoirs were drawn, consisted of a variety of letters, journals, and verbal accounts from persons acquainted with the facts, with many of which, I dare say, sir, you are well acquainted; and will, I doubt not, agree with me, that a life so full of incidents, and noble actions, ought not to lie hid in journals, and

* Sir Andrew Douglas, who was second captain of the Queen Charlotte in the sea-fight, on the 1st of June, 1794. He received a wound in his hand, from which he never recovered, and was at last the cause of his death

log-books, but should be produced into public, as an example of acting, and suffering with the magnanimity of a hero. A long and cruel war hath opened the characters of many gallant men, and given birth to many gallant actions. Many, who have survived their gallant exploits, have been gratified by their country with honours, and rewards—but many, who might equally deserve them were cut off in the midst of their glory. Among them was the subject of these memoirs; and as he cannot receive the honours of his country, let us at least pay his memory the tribute it deserves. And as the minister of his parish, it appeared to me, that I was a proper person to bring such an example forward.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient
and very sincere
humble Servant,
WILLIAM GILPIN.

Vicar's Hill,
May 18th, 1803.

MEMOIRS

OF

CAPTAIN JOSIAS ROGERS,

OF THE ROYAL NAVY,

AND LATE

COMMANDER OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE QUEBEC.

JOSIAS ROGERS was born at Lymington, in the year 1755. At a very early period of his life he felt a strong prepossession for the sea-service; which took its origin (as such prepossessions often do) from a trifling incident. His father carried him, when a mere boy, to Portsmouth, where he saw a Spanish prize; and heard much of the circumstances of her capture; and the strength of her beams and timber, which were chiefly of mahogany. The idea took intire possession of his imagination.

In the meantime his father, intending to provide for him in the Salt-works at Lymington, sent him to school in Wiltshire; and would often set before him the advantages that might

accrue from trade, and the risks he would run at sea. But to no effect. The Spanish prize had taken such full possession of him, that he could not bear the thought, though a dutiful boy in other respects, of submitting to his father's determination: his steady opposition shewed that his inclinations were the result of a strong natural bent of disposition, rather than of a boy's thoughtless impatience of restraint; and that nothing which could be urged to the contrary would be of sufficient weight to turn him aside from his purpose. His father therefore finding it was in vain to contend farther with so violent an attachment, at length indulged it.

Sir Andrew Hammond, then Captain Hammond, of the Arethusa, was at that time lying in the road. To him Mr. Rogers applied in favour of his son. The Captain made some difficulty, as he had then, he said, twenty eight lads on board; but hearing afterwards of the young man's singular attachment to the service, he sent for him, and continued to be his invariable friend from that hour till his death.

The Arethusa, soon after Mr. Rogers went on board, was ordered to North America; where Captain Hammond soon found the young man would be of considerable service to

him. By degrees he employed him in procuring wood, and water, and live-stock; in looking into bays and harbours; and, on the prospect of a war, on the impress service. The account in his journal of one of his expeditions of this latter kind, is entertaining enough to be inserted.

Captain Hammond was then lying at Rhode island; and ordered young Rogers, and another young man to take the pinnace, well manned and armed, and go to the Light-house, where they were to look out for such vessels as might arrive, and board them. They went off accordingly; landed near the Light-house; drew their boat close into a cove, and set a man to look out for ships. They were soon informed that one lay off at anchor, about three leagues beyond Point Judith. As the wind was fair they immediately went in quest of her; but they had not been long at sea, before the weather became very stormy, and the sea so rough, that they were in doubt whether to return to the Light-house, or continue their course to the ship. But, on weighing the matter, they observed so violent a surf rolling into the shore, that their return appeared impracticable; and yet they knew not how they should be able to board

the vessel. They determined however to make the attempt. But when they came near her, they were afraid of going along-side her, lest they should be dashed in pieces. The mate of the ship, however, with great dexterity throwing them out a rope, they got round to the leeward side of her, and were all taken safely on board. The ship was the Tristram, of London, Captain Shaw, from whom they received every instance of kindness. They were chiefly solicitous about their pinnace, which they feared every moment would fill with water, and founder. Capt. Shaw would gladly have taken it on board, but it was too large. He then proposed to tie it to his stern with a good cable, and kindly offered to run under the lee side of Block island, which was about five leagues off, where he did not doubt they would find smoother water; and he hoped the pinnace would ride it out till they got there. This scheme was as happily executed as it was kindly proposed; and Mr. Rogers, and his crew, finding the water there much calmer, got into their boat. The Captain in the mean time handed them in a quantity of beef, bread, and rum; and promised to wait till he saw them fairly landed on the island.

Under these circumstances Mr. Rogers thought it would have been an abominable piece of ingratitude to press his men; and therefore neither he, nor any of his people gave the least intimation of their original design.

They found it, however, a matter of some difficulty to land upon that island. Nothing appeared but a rocky shore; and they saw people gathering on the cliffs, as if surprized at their attempt. But on coasting the island a little farther, directed by the signs of the people, they found a sandy beach, where they landed without much difficulty. The islanders immediately came down to them from the cliffs; received them with great kindness; and assisted them in drawing their pinnace out of the surf. One of them with great civility invited them to his house. They seemed to be a people of great simplicity of manners, and to have little communication with any but themselves.

Among them Mr. Rogers met with an old gentleman, who told him he was uncle to Sir George Pocock; and gave him several particulars of the early life of that respectable admiral. Mr. Rogers was curious to know some particulars of the life of the old gentleman himself, not conceiving what should make him an in-

habitant, as he appeared to be, of so unfrequented an island: but he could draw nothing from him to satisfy his curiosity. In all other respects, however, the old gentleman was very communicative, and carried him into several parts of the island. From his information, and what he observed himself, Mr. Rogers has given us a very entertaining account of this little sequestered spot; and as I never met with any other account of it, the following one, extracted from his journals, is rather interesting:—

Block island, so called probably from its appearing like a single block of stone, lies out at sea, about nine or ten leagues to the south of Rhode island. It is of a circular form, but somewhat longer from north to south, (in which direction it extends about five miles) than from east to west. Its surface is very uneven, there being hardly one spot of level ground in any part of it. There are two sandy coves along its coast, where boats may land: but no where any inlet or harbour. On the eastern side a large pond, or rather a lake, extends over five hundred acres of land; and is separated from the sea only by a bank of sand little more than a dozen yards wide; which

Mr. Rogers thought might easily be cut through, so as to form the lake into an excellent harbour, there being in it from five to nine fathom of water. Mr. Rogers speaks of it in a commercial light; but in a moral view, one would not wish to have the simplicity of this innocent people corrupted by shipping, trade, and an influx of wealth. The island contains about eighty houses, and six hundred inhabitants. They live entirely within themselves. They sow corn enough for their own use, but the vallies between the hills being very productive of pasturage, they chiefly breed cattle; they knit their own stockings, weave their own cloaths, and want nothing but what all people are better without—the luxuries of life. Every where in the island you see innocence and cheerfulness. Every family is a house of industry. The women are always employed at home in their household business, in which their pleasure consists: the men abroad, in tillage, fishing, or other laborious works. There is no church on the island; but a very exemplary pastor assembles the people to divine service, sometimes at one house and sometimes at another. They have a militia also, which consists of every man, who is able to bear arms;

and a few fishing-boats, (their whole navigation,) which belong to those two ports of the island, where only a boat can land.

Mr. Rogers, and his crew continuing here till the violence of the weather, then uncommonly stormy, had subsided, set sail towards Point Judith, about six leagues off: but met with great difficulty in reaching it, from a thick fog, in which they were involved. At length however they got safe to the Arethusa, to the surprize of every body on board, who thought the violence of the weather had driven them out to sea, when they must have perished.

Very soon after these events, about the year 1775, the American war broke out, and Captain Hammond was appointed to the command of the Roebuck, of 44 guns. He carried Mr. Rogers with him, whom he now found a very useful man, on various occasions. In March, 1776, he sent him, under his second lieutenant, in an armed tender, to surprize Lewestown, lying within the capes leading to Philadelphia. As this expedition engaged Mr. Rogers, who was then under twenty years of age, in a series of uncommon adventures,

which open his character in a great degree, I shall dwell the longer upon them.

The *Lord Howe,* which was the name of the tender, had been only a few days at sea, when she gave chace to a small American sloop. The wind blew a rigorous storm from the north-west: but Mr. Rogers and four men, at the hazard of their lives, boarded, and took possession of her. She was soon, however, hurried away in the blast, out of sight of the tender. Her sails were shivered in pieces; her boom was broken; and the frost was so intense, that every wave that broke over her, formed itself immediately into ice. The men, it may be supposed, were in a most distressed condition. Obliged to incessant labour in so cutting a blast, they were covered with icicles, and their jackets frozen to their backs; two of them were frost-bitten, one of whom entirely lost the use of his feet.

In the mean time the vessel became so heavy and unwieldy, with the quantity of ice that had generated in her, that Mr. Rogers was afraid every moment she would go to the bottom. It was found too, that in straining, she had sprung a dangerous leak, which engaged their few hands in the toil of incessant pump-

ing. Three more of the men, unable to stand the deck, were carried below.

Eleven days they were driven about at the mercy of the storm, in this distressed condition. On the 12th, the wind subsided, and a gentle southern breeze springing up, brought on pleasant serene weather. The vessel was cleared of ice; and what little they could do, was done to the sails and rigging. They were now also pretty well assured of their course. The land they saw at a distance, they conceived to be Cape-Charles, one of the capes of Virginia. Mr. Rogers, therefore, who had never spared himself, being worn out with incessant toil, had thrown himself on a hammock, in this moment of quiet, and was immediately asleep.

He had not however slept many hours, when he was suddenly roused by a violent outcry, calling him on deck. He leaped out of his cabin; when, to his astonishment he saw the vessel close in with the land, and just entering a tremendous surf, which must necessarily dash her in pieces.

All this was mystery to him; for when he fell asleep, he had left the vessel making the very course he wished. He soon, however,

suspected (what was in fact the case) that his own people had conspired against him, with the people in the sloop; and had resolved to run the ship on ground, as soon as they could; but not expecting such a reception from the surf, were now at their wits end, and seemed all obedient to his orders. It was no time, however, to make conjectures; self preservation was the only idea which now possessed them.

The ship soon grounded, and great part of her stern was beaten in by the waves. She fortunately, however, lay with her broadside to the shore; so that the water, thus sheltered, became somewhat more calm. This made it more easy to get out their two boats, which held them all. Mr. Rogers, saw the whole crew safely out of the ship, before he jumped into the boat himself. But, just as he was putting off, he was struck with the cries of the poor man who had lost his feet by the frost; and could of course make no efforts to save himself. Mr. Rogers could not bear the thought of leaving him behind, and getting into the ship again, with extreme difficulty carried him down into the boat.

The surf was very violent; and there seemed to be a vast expanse of sea before them; but to their great astonishment, the boat presently struck, and what appeared to be sea, was in fact only a white sandy beach, glazed with water. After walking about a mile, they joined their companions, who had gone off in the first boat, while Mr. Rogers was occupied in his benevolent services to the lame man.

Having now gotten on firm ground, they found they had been wrecked on a sandy island, wooded at one end; and separated from the main by a narrow channel. To the shelter of the wood they immediately betook themselves.

Mr. Rogers had now time for reflection. He had yet observed no act of disobedience in the crew; but he plainly saw there had been a conspiracy among them; and upbraided them with it. They were yet only half-formed villains, and confessed the truth. They protested, however, they had acted from no disrespect to him, but merely from self-preservation, as they believed the vessel could not possibly live any longer at sea. He then told them they had done enough to forfeit their lives to the laws of their country; but they

had now an opportunity of retrieving their fault. Yonder, said he, (pointing to a vessel at a distance, in a creek) lies a schooner of the enemy; join with me in taking possession of her, and I will give you my honour, that what is past shall never appear against you. Finding, however, that his proposal made no impression, and fearing lest every moment they might seize him, though they still expressed a kind of respect, he did not care to exasperate them by pushing the matter farther. His next wish therefore was, to destroy the vessel they had just left, especially six swivels, which might have been of use to the enemy. But he was well assured, if he made his proposal in that form, it would answer no end. He advised them therefore, to accompany him on board the ship, and get some necessaries out of her, especially provisions, of which they were in great want. Hunger pressed them, and they consented. Twice they attempted to get on board, in the large boat; but the surf filled her, and they were obliged to desist. A third time attempting it in the smaller boat, which was built of cedar, and very light, they effected their purpose.

Mr. Rogers's first business was to throw the

swivels into the sea; his next, to set the ship on fire: but every thing was drenched in water, and he could find nothing that would burn. As he was rummaging below, for some combustible materials, (always more intent on his business than on his interest or his safety) the villains took the opportunity of deserting him, having gotten what provision they wanted. When he came on deck, he found himself left alone in the ship, and saw their boat had now nearly reached the shore.

Still, however, determined to do all the mischief to the ship he could, he seized an axe, and cut the rigging and sails in pieces, and what other damage might single-handed be done; and then running along the bow-sprit, which now lay nearest the coast, he threw himself into the sea, and was presently washed on shore, though half-suffocated with sand and surf. He then sat down a few moments to recover his breath, and let the water drain from his cloaths, the weight of which he could hardly support. When he arose, he saw a party of men landing on the island, about a mile from him. As he concluded they were in quest of him, he thought

it prudent to provide as well as he could, for his safety. But he found it was with difficulty he could walk; his legs were swelled, and his strength exhausted with the fatigue he had undergone. He made his way, however, towards the wood, where he thought he might at least for the present lie concealed.

On his entrance, he was fortunate enough to meet two men, to whom he told a piteous tale; which, with the deplorable figure he made, excited their compassion; and they promised to carry him to their dwelling, about five miles off, partly by land; and partly by water. It was difficult to say which mode of conveyance was worse. It was torment to walk; and sitting in an open boat two hours had benumbed him so much; that when he was taken out of it, he was not able even to stand. With the help of two negroes, the men carried him to their house, where refreshment was given him: his feet chafed and bathed; and a bed prepared for him between two men, with a hope that animal heat would restore him.

His thoughts, before he fell asleep, were employed in planning his escape, before he should be discovered. In the morning there-

the most violent of his enemies, who thought the greater severity they shewed to a prisoner, the greater attachment they discovered to liberty. Their severity also was probably more incited towards him, by the accounts they had received of his activity in destroying one of their ships.

While Mr. Rogers was meditating one day, on his hard situation, and looking through the grate of his prison, he observed an elderly gentleman walking past, who observed him, he thought, with an eye of compassion. He saw him again, and still thought he observed the same humanity marked on his countenance. On the strength of this observation, he got a message conveyed to him, intimating his distressed condition; and expressing great gratitude, if he would supply him with a little food, of which he was greatly in want. This message not only produced a plentiful supply of provision, while he continued in prison; but a bed also, and other necessaries. A servant too, was sent to wash his shirt, which he found a very great relief.

Mr. Rogers had now continued in prison about five weeks, during which time, he had

by some means procured an old razor, which he notched, and with infinite caution and difficulty, had cut through the bars of the window, intending to attempt his escape, when an order came for his removal to Northampton, about fifty miles farther in the country. Before the guard marched him off, he was permitted to call upon his old friend, to whom he offered to make some return for what he had received; for though he had been so severely treated, he had never been rifled, and had in his pocket a few dollars. His friend, however, (whose name I do not find mentioned) was hurt at the idea of a compensation, and bidding him put his dollars in his pocket for a better occasion, they parted with tears of gratitude on one side, and the kindest wishes on the other. The old gentleman who was so kind, was a quaker; the compassion and subsequent kindnesses he received from others of the same persuasion, fixed in Captain Rogers' mind, a high veneration for the whole sect.

After marching seventeen miles, the three companies, of which the party consisted,

halted to take refreshment; and when they had finished their repast, invited him to pick their fragments. The pill, he says, was rather too bitter; so he marched five miles farther, and at night was allowed to purchase a roast fowl. Their route was continued the next day, sixteen miles to Bridge-town; and on the following day they reached Northampton.

Here the commanding officer thinking he had been very ill used, treated him with great humanity; and allowed him, on his parole, the liberty of walking five miles round the town; which was a most agreeable indulgence, both in itself and as it gave him the means of visiting several loyalists in those parts, who shewed him great kindness.

This happiness, however, lasted not long. In a few weeks, on the 9th of May, he was ordered to Williamsburgh; and was carried across Chesapeak bay in a whale-boat, looking in vain around him for some English tender to intercept them.

At Williamsburgh his confinement was more horrid than it had ever been: he was thrown into a vile jail, among criminals of all denominations. As he was meditating with horror the scene around him, a feeble voice, which

he thought he knew, inquired who he was, and from whence he came? On mentioning his name, an old acquaintance, Mr. Goodrich, a royalist of New York, with all the expedition that a heavy chain would suffer, came up to him; who, with another old acquaintance, Mr. Blair, had been confined some months in that noisome place. The company of his friends, and the solace of recounting their several adventures to each other, alleviated in some degree the distresses of their situation, which were very great. The vault of the prison was full, and began to overflow: the weather became intolerably hot, the air-hole was small, their food only bullock's lights and water; they were covered with vermin; an inveterate itch broke out among them, and the jail-fever began to appear. For the safety of the town it was now thought proper to pay a little more attention to the jail. The vault was cleaned, and the floor kept washed with vinegar, and strewed with wild mint, which had the desired effect, and checked the contagion. In the mean time a flag of truce arrived; from which Mr. Rogers got some money, and was enabled to buy a few cloaths and other necessaries.

While he was in this loathsome confinement, his attention was called off from his own sufferings, by his humanity, to a still greater sufferer. A poor boy was thrust into the prison, whom Mr. Rogers immediately knew. His name was Badcock, he belonged to Lymington, and had sailed in the Otter. The party, into whose hands he had fallen, had inhumanly made him walk above an hundred miles in a very short time. When he arrived at the prison, he was quite exhausted, and a high fever immediately came on. Mr. Rogers got him what refreshments he could, if any thing could come under that name, which his miserable situation afforded. The poor boy languished two days, and on the third he died.

Mr. Rogers and his friends, having been confined near two months in this prison, were marched away under a guard, though they knew not to what place they were destined. They began their march on the 14th of July, 1776, and on that day proceeded sixteen miles, and on the next, thirty-five. As the weather was intensely hot, the roads dusty, and their bodies debilitated through their long confinement, they found it utterly impossible to walk farther. Indeed, their feet, which were ill pro-

vided for such a march, were so much blistered, that they could hardly point them to the ground. In this necessity they hired a waggon, which their pockets could ill afford, and throwing two or three blankets over it like a tilt continued their journey with more ease.

Richmond, seated near the falls of James's river, was one of the last places they passed which had any appearance of inhabitancy. They then entered a wild scene, which consisted chiefly of swamps and forests: here and there the woods opened to some inconsiderable plantation. Through this wild country they travelled five days, and arrived at Charlotte-villa, which they understood was to be the place of their destination. It was a small village, consisting of about fifteen houses, 200 miles from Williamsburgh, situated under the blue mountains, and surrounded by rocks and precipices.

Here, however, where they expected the roughest usage, they were treated with great humanity. They were entirely left to themselves, on giving their parole; and were boarded all together, at a public house. The allowance they received was ten pence a day for each man; which they increased from their own

pockets to twelve shillings a week, for which they had plenty of meat and bread: but the country furnished nothing to drink but water. For many of the necessaries of life the inhabitants, indeed, were much distressed themselves, for salt particularly, which sold at twelve pounds the bushel.

At this place Mr. Rogers and his friends spent near eight months, from July 24, 1776, to April 15, 1777. They had access to a few books, and but a few. Their chief happiness consisted in their own society, and their chief employment was to ramble among the woods and mountains, and gather wild fruits and sallads, with which they would regale themselves during the noontide heats, on the banks of some sheltered rivulet.

While they were thus making their captivity sit as lightly on them as they could, they received the joyful news, on the 15th of April, that a cartel had been agreed on; and that they were to be sent to Philadelphia, about 300 miles from Charlotte-villa, and there to be exchanged. The day before this happy intelligence arrived, Mr. Goodrich had received a small cask of wine, a barrel of oysters, and a basket of fruit; and thinking he could not

spend it better than on this joyful occasion, it was all produced at once, and contributed to make a day of great festivity.

The next day they were drawn up in ranks, with a company of the 71st regiment, highlanders, who were likewise to be exchanged at Philadelphia. The two bodies of men made a singular contrast. The highlanders having turned their coats, shaved their beards, and brushed themselves up, made a smart appearance; while Mr. Rogers and his company, having been entirely negligent of themselves, looked like a parcel of wild satyrs, just taken out of the woods.

But here a scene ensued in which joy and grief were intirely reversed. The poor captives, who had lately been oppressed with sorrow, being now on the eve of deliverance, were all joy and exultation. On the other side, the American regiment now just raised, which was ordered to conduct the prisoners to Philadelphia, were surrounded by a mournful tribe of mothers, wives, and sisters. The men, far removed from the scene of action, and little versed in the politics of the times, with melancholy and downcast eyes, were dejected at being torn from their homes; while the wo-

men lamented that their sons, husbands, and brothers should be sent away to a distant war, from whence they feared they never should return.

In the midst of all this joy and distress, the drums beat, and the cavalcade was ordered to march. In five days they reached Fredericksburgh, a large town near the falls of Rappahannoch, and about 90 miles from Charlotte-villa. Here they halted four days. In three days more they arrived at Dumfries, where the whole American regiment was inoculated for the small-pox; and the prisoners were confined three days in a corn-granary, while the operation was performing. Before the regiment began to sicken they made two easy days march to Alexandria, where the whole body was to remain, till the regiment recovered. Mr. Rogers, with his two friends, Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Blair, and six other persons, who were brought with them from Charlotte-villa, were in the mean time imprisoned.

Here they learned the distressing news that some obstacles had arisen in the exchange of prisoners; and that no cartel had yet taken place. They determined, therefore, to wait in suspence no longer, but to make some attempt

themselves to recover their liberty. While they were consulting on this arduous affair, a circumstance fell out which seemed to promise them success.

Mr. Rogers, in one of his severe imprisonments, had been treated with peculiar roughness by an officer of the name of Davis, to whose care he had been committed. This man had formerly been a serjeant in the British service, but having been convicted of theft, was transported. When the war broke out, General Washington, being in want of men who understood the manual exercise, made him an adjutant, and seeing him useful gave him afterwards a company. But finding him a very worthless fellow, and reclaimed neither by punishment in one country, nor by encouragement in the other, he cashiered and dismissed him. Being thus an outcast from both nations, he now lived obscurely at Alexandria. Here he happened to see Mr. Rogers among the prisoners, and taking him aside, told him he had formerly been his enemy; but was now his friend. He begged pardon for the past, and came to offer his services for the future. If Mr. Rogers could any way employ him he would risk his

life in serving him. Mr. Rogers, who knew his character, received his offered friendship very coolly. He mentioned the circumstance, however, to his friends; and thinking from the man's situation, there was a probability he might be sincere, it was determined, if he offered his services again, to accept them. Davis accordingly coming again in a day or two, Mr. Rogers put him in possession of their secret; and he faithfully promised his assistance.

About this time a company of the 42d regiment or royal highlanders, and about twenty British seamen, were sent prisoners to Alexandria: and a communication with them being opened, through the intrigues of Davis, they all expressed a readiness to follow the lead of Mr. Rogers and his friends. Their party was now therefore very strong, consisting of one hundred and forty men. With this force at their command they began to think of some bold exertion. Their first scheme was to overpower their guard; from whom they expected the less resistance, as they were raw troops, and then in a state of inability. This was Mr. Rogers's plan, and he would certainly have attempted it, if the company

of highlanders had not been ordered away, before he was prepared.

This scheme, therefore, being frustrated, they were obliged to attempt their escape in a humbler manner, by letting themselves down through the window of their prison. This however was no easy matter. Their prison was an upper room, and the windows at least twenty feet from the ground. It was guarded also by sentinels continually patrolling round it. Mr. Rogers however observed that these sentinels regularly rendezvoused about midnight at a station in front of the prison, either for refreshment, or from supposing that the necessity of the watch was over for that night. This neglected hour he took; and fixing a rope strongly to a spike-nail in the inside of their prison, they all nine (of which number they consisted) let themselves safely down through a back window. When they had gotten to a place agreed on, they found Davis, who, according to his engagement, provided them with a boat to cross the Powtomack, on which Alexandria stands, and furnished each of them of them with a good musket, plenty of ammunition, and a hunter's frock, with *Liberty*

or Death, inscribed upon it, which was the badge of an American peasant.

Under the conduct of Davis they meant now to make their way to Chesapeak-bay: but some difficulties arising in the prosecution of this plan they gave it up, and depended for their escape on such fortunate circumstances as might happen to arise. Davis, though a fellow of intrigue, was a dastard in action; and was totally perplexed in the business he had undertaken. The general idea seems to have been, if possible, to get to the Delawar, where they had the best chance, they thought, of finding some British cruizer. The direct road was tedious, and troublesome: of course their circuitous journey, through swamps and forests, and conducted only by night, was full of difficulty. They had rivers also to pass, which threw many obstacles in their way. But I shall not follow them through their whole route: for though a journal of it lies before me, yet without a little more topographical knowledge of its course than a map commonly affords, it is rather perplexed. I shall just, therefore, extract such circumstances

from it, as place their hardships in the strongest light.

The first accident they met with was truly distressing. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Goodrich, being the most active men of the party, formed a sort of advanced guard; but going in different directions, to make some discoveries, Mr. Goodrich was lost in the wood, and never joined them afterwards.

Another night, as they were near the great road, they heard horsemen at a distance galloping towards them. They immediately concluded themselves to be the objects pursued, and skulking behind trees, presented their muskets, but determined not to fire, till the horsemen were close to the muzzles of their pieces. In moving they made a rustling among the leaves, which alarmed the men, who stopped within twenty paces of them. Mr. Rogers and his company heard their discourse, and had reason to think they were right in their conjecture; but the men listening awhile, and conceiving it was only the rustling of deer among the leaves, galloped off.

Mr. Rogers, however, wishing to know certainly something more of the state of the

country, and to get what intelligence he could, ventured in his disguise, very early in the morning, to enter a public house. He had scarce sat down when the landlady asked him, if he had seen any skulking people about the country? for some prisoners, she told him, had broken out of Alexandria jail; and that an express was then in the house, in bed, who had brought, last night, a number of hand-bills to distribute. She then gave him one, in which he and his companions were described, and the dress they wore when they went off, and a reward promised of an hundred dollars for each, to any person who should apprehend them.

Mr. Rogers had presence of mind enough to appear perfectly composed at the landlady's information, and telling her he would keep a sharp look out for them, wished her a good morning. He immediately carried the unpleasant news to his companions, that a price was set upon their heads; they were all sufficiently alarmed, but poor Davis looked like a ghost, and giving up all for lost, took the first opportunity to desert them. They had no doubt but he would

take the first opportunity also to betray them, if he could turn it to any advantage. It was agreed however on all hands, that their present station was not an eligible one. With the first hour of darkness therefore they slunk off, and got into a large swamp. Here they rambled about, and found in it a rising ground, dry, and well sheltered. They had the good fortune also to find an immense pine upon it, blown up by the roots; which had heaved up with them, a vast quantity of earth; forming within, a large and very commodious cave. Into this they all crept, and drawing around them a quantity of dry leaves, thought they had obtained a most comfortable retreat.

As the sun rose, they found their cave opened upon a creek of the Potomack, (as they supposed it to be) of which they had a fair view. Over this creek, they wished to transport themselves, as its farther shores, they conceived, would bring them nearer the Delawar.

As they were deliberating what step to take, they plainly discovered a large party of soldiers, embarking on the opposite shore; then crossing over, and afterwards landing on their side

of the river. They resolved therefore to let all this bustle subside before they made any farther attempt. But they had the mortification to find, that another large body of troops were gathering again, on the opposite shores; and that in fact boats were passing, and repassing the whole day. They lay close therefore, not daring to stir. But it was a state of severe trial, for they had not tasted a mouthful of food the whole day.

On the second morning, they had the mortification to see the same scene renewed; boats passing with troops, and repassing the whole day: and to their still greater mortification, it was renewed on the third. As they had now been three days without food of any kind, nature could no longer support so severe an abstinence; and Mr. Rogers determined, on the third night, at all hazards to sally out in quest of some fortunate circumstance. The command had now been conferred upon him, since Davis had left them, whom they had appointed their leader, with a view to keep him faithful.

Mr. Rogers, directing his steps to the shore, from whence only he expected deliverance, saw a negro just landing in a boat. He im-

mediately accosted him, and having found the means to make him his friend, he sent him first to procure some provision. The negro soon returned with three large loaves, which he had purchased, and a piece of bacon. Mr. Rogers then, directing him to stay where he was, till he heard farther from him, and in the mean time, to fill his cask with water, carried his provisions with great pleasure to his companions in the cave. With equal pleasure they devoured them; and made a meal more sumptuous, than any of them had ever made before. Mr. Rogers then hastened them to the boat. They pushed off about eleven at night; and having a fair wind, they anchored by a late hour the next morning, in a cove under *Cape-look-out*, one of the points at the entrance of Potomack.

Here they saw lying a little above them, two or three American vessels, which they boarded at night; but took from them only provisions.

Their plan now was to get on shore, if possible in Maryland; and then to go by land to the mouth of the Delawar. But some of their company thinking they could do better on another plan, left Mr. Rogers, Mr. Blair,

and a third gentleman, to prosecute their scheme to the Delawar, by themselves. Mr. Rogers, and his friends therefore got into a fishing-boat, whose owner promised to land them safely on the Maryland coast. As they were prosecuting their little voyage, they entered into conversation with him, and soon had the pleasure to find they were sailing with a staunch loyalist. He too was as glad to acknowledge them as his friends, and promised to do every thing for them in his power. And it soon appeared that he had much in his power. He was perfectly acquainted with the whole road they intended to take, and knew the principles of every man who dwelt upon it. From his mouth therefore, Mr. Rogers traced the road in a map, on paper, with all its windings and turnings, and put a mark on every house, where the old fisherman told him they might safely call.

All this they found exactly true. The houses indeed, were those only of ordinary peasants; but the deficiency in the entertainment was made up by the kindness of the reception. The only difficulty they experienced, was, that when these houses lay wide

of each other, the intermediate journey was often very fatiguing. And as they travelled always at night, they suffered much from the inclemency of the weather, which was at that season uncommonly wet. In one of these journeys Mr. Rogers's shoes were so entirely worn from his feet, that they became only an incumbrance to him. He was obliged therefore to throw them off, and walk several miles barefoot. In this condition he came to a gentleman's house, one of the last upon his map; where he and his friends were treated with abundant kindness, and had good beds to sleep in, which was a luxury they had not known for many months.

While they were refreshing themselves at this house, their kind host took a ride towards the Delawar, to enquire whether any British ships of war lay there, and returned with the agreeable news, that there were three.

This enlivened their spirits; and their host himself conducted them to a house near the coast, where they were accommodated with a boat. After a few delays from the weather, they came one night along the side of the nearest British ship of war that lay in the road. They were immediately hailed; and Mr. Rogers

knew, with transport, it was the voice of the master of the Roebuck. Astonished at such a wonderful accident, that the first ship he met with, should be the very ship to which he belonged, he flew upon the deck:—Is the Captain well?—Are you all well? He was immediately carried into the cabin, where Captain Hammond received him with the greatest kindness. In the mean time, the news flew round the ship; and on his return from the cabin, he found his ship-mates had left their hammocks, and were crowded on the deck to take him by the hand. As they had heard nothing of him during the last eight months, they concluded he was dead. In short, his joy on receiving so kind a welcome from all his old friends almost overcame him. He said, he had never felt such moments through his whole life. The dangers and sufferings he had undergone, in travelling between three and four hundred miles, through an enemy's country, were now amply recompensed. He had just been absent from the Roebuck, a year and two months.

The ragged condition in which he came on board, was soon repaired. His kind Captain, out of his own stores, fitted him up; and ex-

pressing his perfect approbation of his conduct, through every part of his absence, reinstated him in his old post, which was yet only that of midshipman.

But though he had attained no higher promotion, his Captain thought him worthy of higher trust. His knowledge of the American creeks, and bays, which considering his age, was great, made him very useful in scouring the coasts, and cutting out small vessels. His hardiness too, from his late mode of life, was such as made all common difficulties appear trifling to him. For three months after he joined the Roebuck he never slept in a bed: a plank was all he desired to rest on. In these expeditions he behaved with great address, and was commonly successful. Such little exploits, though too unimportant to find their way into history, are however proper appendages in a narrative of this kind. Two or three of these expeditions are contained in a letter to his brother, which, contrary to his own desire, very fortunately escaped the flames.

One of them was against Egg-harbour, where Captain Hammond had heard some American vessels had taken shelter. He sent

Mr. Rogers therefore, and Mr. Whitworth, under a lieutenant, to cut them out. On entering the harbour they first captured a vessel, laden with naval stores. But their great object was a letter of marque brig, of six carriage guns, which lay about two miles higher up the river. She was defended by a battery of four guns, which the enemy had raised on the shore; and still better defended by a shoal, which the assailants could not pass. They had with them a pilot-boat with two carriage guns, which being able to pass the shallows, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Whitworth begged the lieutenant would give them leave to take her, and make the attempt. The lieutenant thought the affair too hazardous: but on their earnest persuasion, he gave them leave. They took thirty men with them therefore, and proceeded over the shoal. When they got within two hundred yards of the brig, the Americans gave them one discharge from their battery, which did no execution; but seeing they still pushed boldly on, retired with precipitation. Mr. Rogers, and his companions took possession both of the brig, and of the battery. The brig they found

was scuttled: but they were in time to get her cleared of water, and carried her safely off. She was one of the fleetest vessels the Americans had; and Lord Howe bought her afterwards for his majesty's service.

On another expedition Mr. Rogers chased a schooner into the Indian river; but durst not follow her without a pilot. He applied therefore to Captain Hammond for two boats, with which he thought he could cut her out: and the Captain complying, he went off at eight in the evening. But when he got to the bar, he found the sea so rough, that he thought it imprudent to enter in the dark. He waited therefore till day-light, and then pushed in. The enemy had a battery of four swivel-guns; but without firing them, got into their boats, and fled up the river. Mr. Rogers pursued them, and took one of their boats, in which was a large packet of letters. He then proceeded to the schooner, but had the mortification to find the enemy had run her aground. As it was impossible to get her off, he took out of her several hundred weight of tobacco, and bees' wax, with which she was laden, and set her on fire. He then ran higher up the river, and burnt another

schooner, laden with lumber: and perceiving still a third schooner lying in a creek a little above, he determined to make a push at her likewise. The enemy having lined a point of the river, which Mr. Rogers, and his men were to pass, gave them their fire: but their shot passed over their heads. Instead of returning it, Mr. Rogers ordered his men still to push on stoutly for the vessel. When they got up to her, they found her a fine ship just launched, and rigged. But the wind and tide being both unfavourable, they found it was impossible to bring her off, and therefore set her on fire. But they had the mortification to see the enemy, as they retreated, extinguish the fire. In returning they had a point of the river to pass, where the enemy had collected to oppose them, and had thrown up a breast-work. Mr. Rogers perceiving they would be much exposed to it on the river, took the bold resolution of landing a little above the breast-work, and attacking it on the land side, against which it had not been provided. His attempt was successful. He presently drove the enemy from their works, which he destroyed, and got safely back.

He could not however forget the new schooner, which he had left so reluctantly; and which he hoped the enemy had saved from the flames for a better purpose, than they intended. He resolved therefore to make another expedition to get her off. He waited therefore a fortnight, till all was quiet; and then taking the favourable circumstances of tide, and weather, he ran up the creek, and gallantly carried off the schooner, together with seventeen head of fat bullocks.

The next expedition, in which he engaged, was again in company with his friend Mr. Whitworth. They were sent in two tenders to examine the coasts of Virginia, and Maryland. The day after they sailed, they arrived off Sinepuxen; where they found the enemy in great force; having erected a battery of nine guns. Under its protection lay twelve vessels, most of them armed. Here therefore it was utterly imprudent to make any attempt. So they passed on to Chingotrique. Within this creek, and its inlets, they saw eight sail, lying at different distances. The bar was difficult. But having fortunately found a pilot, they ran in under American

colours; each taking a different creek. Mr. Rogers found three ships lying nearly together; who all haled him, one after the other. He answered, he was the Washington privateer; and under that disguise took quiet possession of them all, without giving any alarm. He then proceeded five miles farther, towards a brig, a sloop, and a schooner lying at some little distance from each other. He lay quiet till the dusk; and then manning his boats, surprized the brig at two in the morning. She was a valuable prize, having eight hundred barrels of flour on board, and fifty-eight of tobacco. He then proceeded to the sloop and schooner, and by day-light took possession of them both. The schooner he thought might be useful: the sloop he set on fire. This alarmed the country; and he was attacked on every side. He was glad therefore to relinquish the schooner, and make his retreat to the brig, which he had the good fortune to carry off. But unluckily she grounded on the bar. This opportunity the enemy took to man two or three floats, and come down the river with a view to retake her. But Mr. Rogers sending a boat full of men

to her assistance, the enemy drew off. In the mean time Mr. Whitworth was as successful in another creek, and the little squadron united without any loss. The tide soon after floated the brig off the bar. In their return, they landed on an island at the mouth of the bay, and carried off thirty-five fat bullocks; with which, and their other prizes they all returned safe to the Roebuck in the Delawar. Captain Hammond was so well pleased with their conduct in this expedition, that he sent an account of it to Lord Howe, who returned the two young officers his thanks for what he was pleased to call one of the best conducted actions he had met with during the war.

In this expedition however Mr. Rogers suffered a considerable loss. One of his men took the opportunity of deserting, and carried off with him Mr. Rogers's trunk containing every thing he had in the world, but the clothes on his back. In a corner of it lay his watch, and thirty-four pound. He had the mortification afterwards to see the fellow on the shore among the most active of the enemy. He was conspicuous enough from swaggering about in a new uniform,

which was one of the articles he had stolen. This loss afforded Captain Hammond an opportunity of shewing his generosity once more to his young friend by fitting him out again from his own stores.

In August 1778 Lord Howe entered the Delawar with his fleet, which the Roebuck, and all her tenders, were immediately ordered to join. Here therefore at present biography ceases, and history begins, with which we have nothing to do. Mr. Rogers's services did not now stand out single; but were lost in a multitude. I cannot however forbear giving an affecting account from his papers, of the burning of the Augusta, man of war, of which he was an eye-witness.

The fleet was making an attack upon the American works thrown up on Mud-island; which the Roebuck, the Augusta, and other ships were cannonading—the enemy was retreating apace—and every thing going on with success—when the wind blowing very fresh from the island, drove back some of the fiery wads of the Augusta's guns upon her own netting; which being filled with hay immediately took fire. The flames running along the windward side of the ship,

soon communicated to the other side; and presently set the whole deck in a blaze. Captain Reynolds, who commanded the Augusta, seeing nothing could be attempted to save her, leaped into the sea with most of his men.

Captain Hammond, who lay close to her, had now two great duties on his hands at once—to save his own ship; and the lives of all the men he could. He immediately, with great presence of mind, at once ordered all his boats out—his ports to be shut, to prevent the fire entering—and a party of marines to employ themselves in pouring water on the deck, sails, and netting. It was dreadfully distressing to see such numbers of poor sufferers plunging in the water, and struggling for life: several of them would cluster together, and vainly endeavour to save themselves by what only contributed to precipitate them the sooner. Nor was the water the only danger they had to fear. The enemy seeing the disaster, and finding themselves relieved from the fire of two ships, returned to the attack; and poured in vollies of shot upon the poor wretches floundering in the water; and on the boats, which were endeavouring to save them.

The Roebuck's cutter employed in this service, was sunk, and two men killed. Very different was the behaviour of the English at the siege of Gibraltar, when the Spanish battering ships were set on fire. To save all the poor wretches, who threw themselves into the sea, the British boats ran many risks themselves. Mercy like this is the true companion of bravery. It makes thebosom glow with a generous flame, which excludes all resentment. It fixes a smile even on the rugged features of war.

Notwithstanding however these unmanly efforts of the enemy, the Roebuck's barge, and other boats saved several of the men; and among them Captain Reynolds. Mr. Rogers speaks of the meeting of the two Captains upon the deck of the Roebuck, as a sight, which almost overpowered him. When Captain Reynolds, almost exhausted was brought up the side of the ship, Captain Hammond ran to him; but neither of them could speak. Both shed tears, which expressed more than words, the generous feelings of each.

Captain Hammond seeing now no more men floating on the water, and the Augusta's guns, being heated, beginning to pour into

the Roebuck, by which one of his men lost an arm, he cut his cable, and dropt out of her reach. In this disastrous affair about one hundred and thirty men were drowned, or shot by the enemy.

At New York Mr. Rogers had the happiness to find his old friend Mr. Goodrich, whom he had so unfortunately lost in the woods of Alexandria.* Mr. Goodrich first entertained him with an account of his escape; and then made him a very friendly offer. Several of the royalists of New York, under the protection of the British garrison, and navy, had fitted out privateers against the Americans. Mr. Goodrich had a little fleet of them; and having already made a considerable fortune, he offered to put the management of his privateers into the hands of Mr. Rogers, as his Admiral. The prospect was lucrative, and would almost infallibly have made his fortune. But Mr. Rogers prized the honour of the British service beyond wealth; and refused the offer. He had the pleasure afterwards to hear, that his friend

* See page 31.

Goodrich, before the war was at an end, had made an almost princely fortune.

On his return from New York Mr. Rogers had the command given him of a Bermudian sloop of eight guns; but while he was preparing her for sea, and revolving in his mind the active scenes, in which this new command would give him an opportunity to appear, it pleased God to visit him with a severe fever; which raged, at that time, through the fleet. The Roebuck lost between 30 and 40 men; and every ship as many in proportion: while the army was uncommonly healthy; though he owns, it appeared to him rather inactive. Mr. Rogers continued three days in his ship with the fever upon him: but growing worse, he was removed on shore. Captain Hammond's behaviour to him was always kind, and friendly: but on this occasion it was affectionate to the last degree. No father could be more attentive to an only son. The physician-general of the army, and the surgeon-general of the navy attended him every day. But with all their care he grew worse; and was at length pronounced to be a dying man. "I thought so," said he,

"myself:" (I quote nearly his own words) "I was sensible—I feared not to die—my "conscience suffered no disquietude. But "still the thoughts of my dear father, and "mother, my brothers, and sisters made me "wish to live a little longer. I felt the "pain of parting with them. However at "two o'clock on the same day, when I "thought myself dying, it pleased God to "give a sudden turn to my disorder. I "then amended daily, and I hope I shall "never fail in my most grateful acknow-"ledgments to God for his goodness, to "whom I lift up my voice in fervent prayer."

Soon after his recovery, he was made a lieutenant: and in his progress through the several degrees of that rank, he was appointed to different ships of the line. But circumstances of this kind are trifles in the life of such an officer as Mr. Rogers, whose merits always went beyond their recompense. Indeed all the admirals, under whom he served, thought they consulted best for the service by giving him a separate command, instead of tieing him down to one ship in any subordinate station. Sir Andrew Hammond always used his services in this way; and now

Admiral Arbuthnot gave him the command of the Fury sloop, which accompanied the fleet, then engaged in the siege of Charlestown.

In this situation he had various opportunities of shewing his spirit, and activity: but one action, in which he engaged, throws every other action in the shade.

The army was then carrying on their approaches to the town on the land-side. The harbour, which was an extensive bay, ran up considerably beyond the town, towards the British works. But the fleet could not afford the army any assistance, as the entrance of the harbour was blocked up by a massy boom. Mr. Rogers having examined this work secretly in various parts, conceived the design of cutting it privately in the night; and imparted his project to a brother-officer, the present Admiral Stirling, who agreed to accompany him. On the first favourable evening therefore, they paddled in a canoe, after it was dark, to the place, which Mr. Rogers thought most practicable, and set to work. That night however they made but little progress; and the other officer conceiving, as most people would, that the thing was

utterly impossible from the difficulty of it, and exceedingly rash from their being within hearing of the enemy's guards, declined having any thing more to do with it; and advised his friend to give it up. But Mr. Rogers was a man of that ardent spirit, that he never would give up an enterprize, in which he had engaged, till *he himself* thought it impracticable. This he still conceived was not so. During two successive nights therefore he attempted it alone, or, if he had any companion, it was only a boy to paddle his canoe: and on the third night he effected his design, cut away the boom, and opened the harbour. When an officer performs the service he is ordered upon, in a gallant manner, he acts nobly. But when an officer voluntarily undertakes, and atchieves a service, which nobody else would undertake, he is a hero. The action, just recorded, was admired by the whole navy; and when the admiral called the young lieutenant, and asked him, What he should do to gratify him, he answered, Be so good, sir, as to let my sloop lead into the harbour.

Charles-town surrendered on the 12th of May, 1780; and before the year concluded, Admiral Arbuthnot made Mr. Rogers a master

and commander, and gave him a sloop of eighteen guns. This sloop had been an American privateer, named the *General Washington*; which the Admiral, humorously enough changed to the *General Monk*. While Captain Rogers commanded this ship, he took, or assisted in taking, more than sixty vessels from the enemy, though he did not command her above two years. His last action in her, though unsuccessful, did him so much credit, that it deserves to be detailed at length.

In the evening of the 7th of April, 1782, as he was cruizing off Cape Henlopen, in the Delawar, in company with a frigate, the Quebec I believe the same frigate on board which Captain Rogers died, under Captain Mason, they discovered eight sail lying at anchor in Cape-may road. Though they could not distinguish their force, they had no doubt, but they belonged to the enemy; and therefore anchored, that night, in such a position, as to prevent their getting out to sea. In the morning Captain Rogers received orders from Captain Mason to enter Cape-may road, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to attack them, or not, as he found it expedient.

In the mean time, he himself would proceed higher up, to prevent them from running up the Delawar. But before Captain Rogers could put his design in execution, he saw three sail standing towards him, which he soon found were New-York privateers. This he conceived to be a very fortunate incident; for with the assistance of those privateers, he did not doubt, but he should be able to capture, or destroy, the whole of the enemy's squadron.

In the mean time the Fair American, one of the privateers joined him; and Captain Rogers communicatng his design to her commander, received every promise of support. But the other two privateers stood aloof and could be induced by no signal to join. Captain Rogers therefore, and his consort proceeded up the bay alone.

About noon the enemy discovered them, turning round Cape-may point, and seemed to be thrown into great confusion. They immediately weighed anchor; but manifestly appeared undetermined what to do.

This moment of confusion Captain Rogers seized, and instantly bore up, and attacked them, being well seconded by the Fair Ame-

rican. A ship of twelve guns immediately struck. Another of the same force ran ashore, and was deserted by her crew. A brig, and two sloops made a push to enter Morris river; which the Fair American, endeavouring to prevent, unfortunately ran ashore.

The enemy, seeing this misfortune, began to take courage: and one of them, distinguished by a broad pennant, made signals to the rest. This ship Captain Rogers was determined to attack; and if possible to board: for as his guns were only caronades, he had no opinion of their strength; and was afraid to trust them in a brisk action. But when he got up to the enemy, who stood towards him, he found she was so full of men, and so well provided with defences against boarding, that he was obliged to alter his plan, and to trust the event, however unwillingly, to a cannonade.

He soon however had a melancholy proof that his fears for his guns were too well founded. As soon as they were heated, they became quite unmanageable, and many of them overset; by which several of the men were much bruised. The latter part of the action therefore was carried on in an unequal manner by musquetry, against cannon,

The two ships had now continued thus engaged half an hour, close to each other, when Captain Rogers seeing his deck covered with dead, and wounded men, among whom were four officers, himself at the same time severely wounded in the foot; and unable to stand, and observing the enemy preparing to board, he endeavoured, if possible, to get off. But his braces, and running rigging were so cut, that he had no power over the ship. Finding therefore he was unable to make any farther resistance, and seeing the frigate too far off to expect any succour from her, he was under the mortifying necessity of striking his colours. The misfortune of the day he attributed wholly to his caronades. His lieutenant, and master were both killed: his purser and boatswain were wounded. Of his petty officers, and seamen six were killed; and twenty-nine wounded. These particulars are taken from Captain Rogers's modest letter to Adm. Digby, who commanded in those seas.*

* When the Monk struck, every promise was made that personal property should be sacred; but Captain Rogers was stripped of every valuable, and when incapable of helping himself, his dead lieutenant was brought to

After the action, he and his men were carried prisoners to Philadelphia, where they were very humanely treated. But it was a moving scene to see the distresses of the men, when they were separated from their captain, and carried to prison. They had gotten an idea, they were to have been all together, as they were in their ship: and when they found their Captain was taken from them, it appeared the worst part of their captivity. No man was ever more esteemed by his crew, than he was. As an instance the following letter may be worth transcribing. It bears strongly the marks of an honest English seaman.

Philadelphia New-gaol,

Honoured Sir, *April* 24, 1782.

I am sorry to acquaint you, that notwithstanding my being twice mustered by the commissary of prisoners, for my being exchanged, I was yesterday detained, and ordered back to

him on shore, and he was desired to bury him. The quakers were again the good Samaritans; they supplied the wounded with fresh food and every other comfort, particularly vegetables. Captain Rogers always spoke of them with grateful enthusiasm.

my very disagreeable apartment. I will take it as a singular favour of you, to use your best endeavours for my being allowed the privilege of going along with you, whenever you go. Sir, you very well know my circumstances; and be assured it will be the greatest misfortune I ever underwent, to be left behind my Captain; he being the pride of my heart: and to serve him is dearer to me, than all the tribulation on earth can injure me. I am certain, Captain, that you will use your utmost endeavours for me. But in case you should not prevail, I expect that you will secure *an exchange* for me at New-York, that may be the means of my relief, and return me again to my colours, from which only death itself will part me. My dependence, my hope, and my confidence is in you only: and I will satisfy myself by ending

Your very humble, devoted
and sincere servant,
WM. ROWLAND.

To Josias Rogers, Esq.
Captain in the British Royal Navy.

Captain Rogers was soon exchanged, and came to England about the beginning of Sep-

tember 1782; but still so lame from his wound, which was a very severe one, that he could hardly walk without a crutch.* He landed at Holy-head; and hearing there, that Lord Howe was just sailing with a fleet to the relief of Gibraltar, the spirit of his profession seized him; and notwithstanding the condition he was in, then on crutches, he instantly got into a chaise and four, and drove in all haste to London, to offer himself as a volunteer in that expedition. In London he found Lord Howe was gone down to Portsmouth to take the command of the fleet. Thither he followed him as expeditiously as before. But on his arrival at Portsmouth, he found Lord Howe was already at sea. Lord Howe had shewn him great civilities at New York†; and he had a high respect for his abilities as a commander. He had always been

* Captain Rogers was on crutches for two or three years, and was incapable of walking any distance for seven years after his wound. when urged by his friends to ask for a pension, he always replied, I hope there are some years of service in me yet; and if not, I never will strike a balance with my country.

† During Lord Howe's American command, he gave up to the then Midshipman Rogers his Lordship's share of prize money for some gallant service: the honour was much greater than the emolument.

concerned in single ships, never in a great fleet. He was in hopes therefore of receiving in this expedition some useful naval lessons, which were hitherto new to him. They who can judge of the ardour and zeal of such a military genius as Captain Rogers's, in the pursuit of professional knowledge, will not wonder at his meeting here with a great disappointment. In fact, it was one of the greatest he had known. But he had that happy mind, which rendered him as quiet, and easy, when a project failed, as he was ardent, and eager, while it was in sight. Though his heart therefore was so greatly set on this expedition; and though he had lost it only by being a few hours too late, which added to the disappointment, yet no one could mark the least chagrin in his countenance; or ever heard a discontented expression escape him. He lived cheerfully among his friends; and waited patiently for circumstances, which might give employment to his active mind.

In 1783 a peace was signed: but before the year expired, Captain Rogers was commissioned, and sent in the Speedy sloop into the north seas, to check the smugglers, who had become very daring on those coasts. Yarmouth was his station; where he, and a tender,

that was allowed him, always lay, when he was not at sea. In this service, as in all others, he was very active; and during the two or three years he continued in this station he took nineteen sail of smuggling vessels; and very much broke the haunts of that lawless tribe, who had become very audacious after the peace.

When his ship was in port, he often went on shore, and lived in a little cottage, which he bought near Yarmouth. Here he was engaged in a singular adventure.

The Duke of Clarence, then Prince William, was, at that time, in those seas, as a midshipman on board the Hebe. He often met with Captain Rogers—formed a great attachment to him, and used frequently to visit him in his cottage. Here he one day persuaded Captain Rogers to make a little excursion with him into the country to see a race. They had neither horses to carry them, nor servants to attend them; but hired, as the prince proposed, two hackney horses at Yarmouth, and went alone. Before they got to the race-ground, the prince's horse fell. The prince was thrown off, and received a very violent shock. Captain Rogers saw no signs

of life in him; and believed he was dead. Greatly distressed however at finding himself alone in this disagreeable circumstance, he took the prince up in his arms, and carried him by main strength to the nearest cottage, where he laid him in such a bed, as he could procure. He was blooded, as soon as any assistance could be had; but it was some time before he came perfectly to himself. As he lay upon the bed, pale, and languid, his flaxen hair discomposed, and tumbled about his face, a report spread in the neighbourhood, that he was a young lady going off with her lover to Scotland, which entertained the prince much, when he recovered. The old woman, who inhabited the cottage, on finding her mistake, and knowing the guest she had received, shewed the bed, on which the prince lay, to all the country, who came to see it, at a penny a head: and while the novelty lasted, she turned it into a comfortable living.

The prince expressed great gratitude to Captain Rogers for the care and attention he had shewn him on this occasion—made him many promises, if it should ever be in his power to assist him in the navy—and sent him his bust, as a token of his friendship.

Sir Andrew Hammond, speaking of the event in a letter to Captain Rogers, says,

"* * * * I saw prince William on the terrace at Windsor, soon after his return from Germany; and was much pleased to hear him speak of you with such seeming kindness, and personal regard. The circumstance of his fall must have been a trying scene to Captain Thornborough, and yourself. Very fortunately it ended as it did.—It also gives me pleasure to find you have made your way so well with Commodore Gower. He is a great favourite at the Admiralty; and such an acquaintance you will always find useful to you.—As to myself, * * * * * * *

Believe me always,

Dear Sir, &c."

Trifles in so spirited a life as that of Captain Rogers often become incidents worth recording. During his stay at Yarmouth, a circumstance happened, which shewed in a strong light, his intrepidity, promptitude, and presence of mind. He was passing in an open boat along some part of the coast; when the wind changing, the boat was driven violently towards the shore, where it was received by a raging surf. The seamen spent with exertions

to get out of it, dropt their oars in despair; and folding their arms, sat expecting every moment to be ingulphed. Captain Rogers seeing all given up, leaped upon one of the benches, and drawing his sword, he brandished it over them, crying out, "What a base thing is it to be drowned like dogs. Exert yourselves once more like men." He did not threaten them in the least; but the suddenness of his manner not giving them time to consider what he intended to do, they grasped their oars again, and backing them with all their might pulled the boat out of danger with that single spring of exertion, which his spirited action had excited.

On another occasion, while he was stationed at Yarmouth, he shewed the same daring, and commanding spirit. One of his men had deserted; and two of his officers running after him, seized him. But the populace, who had a feeling for smugglers, rose in a body, wounded the officers, and rescued the deserter, whom they were carrying off in triumph. Captain Rogers was dancing at an assembly, when the account of this tumult was brought him. He instantly seized his sword, and with it drawn

in his hand, flew out among the populace, without his hat. He injured nobody—he threatened nobody, but merely by his commanding spirit he awed the mob, and seized the deserter. The people only seemed to wonder at him without offering him the least violence. He went immediately to the mayor's house, whither they followed him. The mayor not caring to venture into such a tumult, Captain Rogers, in the king's name, insisted upon his coming out, and doing his duty in dispersing the mob, which at last was affected, and Captain Rogers carried off the deserter to his ship. A gentleman on the spot, from whom I had the story at second hand, said, he was utterly astonished at such an instance of intrepidity, and recollection, nor ever heard before of one man's so completely awing a mob!

While he was at Yarmouth he had another little adventure, at an assembly there. He had taken a lady out as a partner, with whom he was no way acquainted; and he observed a gentleman, during the course of the evening, treated her with very conspicuous marks of contempt; which Captain Rogers at length thought himself obliged to take notice of. The

gentleman defending his conduct, Captain Rogers intimated to him, that care should have been taken, in the first instance, not to admit improper persons. But as the lady to whom, it was true, he was a stranger, had been admitted, he thought she had a claim to be treated with politeness—and that as to himself, he had certainly for that evening taken her under his protection, and therefore insisted on the gentleman's publicly asking her pardon. The gentleman refused; and some high words ensued. But Captain Rogers never began a contest without a full persuasion of the reasonableness of it; and never gave it up, till he had brought it to the conclusion he desired. He insisted therefore on his demand with such an intrepid tone of voice, that the poor gentleman at last complied, and begged the lady's pardon. Finding himself afterwards the object of much observation, and some jocularity, he took the first opportunity to sneak off.

The following note from Lord Howe, written at this time, is worth transcribing, merely to shew his lordship's confidence in Captain Rogers, as we have already mentioned the obliging regard, he always shewed him.

Sir, *Admiralty, May* 11, 1786.

Having received applications to countenance Mr. John Wells Holmes (who, I understand, is now serving under you in the Speedy) I must request you will let me know his character, and conduct as a petty officer, as I shall proceed on that authority with great confidence, in my future notice of him; being, Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

HOWE.

Captain Rogers's cruise in the Speedy ended soon after the date of this note; and in a few months after, (February, 1787) he was made post-captain. When he went to town to thank Lord Howe for his promotion, his lordship politely told him, that no thanks at all were due to him—that his own merit alone had raised him.

But though Capt. Rogers had thus obtained promotion, he had little expectation of immediate employment in his profession: and the confusion, which was then breaking out in France appeared to him, as it did to most other people, prognostic of a long peace to England. He called in therefore all his military idèas, and seemed to have nothing now in view, but to settle quietly at home as a country-gentleman.

His great friend, Sir Andrew Hammond, had, a little before this time, bought an estate at St. Austin's, in the parish of Boldre, near Lymington, where he intended to build. But finding the distance from London inconvenient, he had laid aside his design. Captain Rogers took it up, and having purchased St. Austin's of Sir Andrew*, he converted what had once been a kind of religious house into a handsome dwelling. Here he brought his lady †, whom he had married about the time he came from his cruize; and the family settled at St. Austin's.

* Of the sum of four thousand pounds, which Captain Rogers had prepared as part of the payment for the estate, two thousand pounds was lost by the failure of a bank. On receiving the account, he looked at his little girls and said, "he was sorry so much of their independence was gone;" and, turning to his wife, said, "Cheer up, I'll go to sea and get more." And from that time neither reproach or repining ever marked his words or countenance.

† To this lady I am indebted for almost all the materials, which compose these memoirs. We had both an interest in the work. She wished to make public the virtues of an amiable husband, whose loss, she so sincerely deplored: and I wished to give a public testimony to the merits of a man, whose character I so much esteemed.

Captain Rogers however did not long enjoy the quiet of a retired life. In the year 1790, the affair of Nootka-sound broke out; and the ministry to over-awe the Spaniards, fitted out a large fleet, which rendezvoused at Spithead, and was ready to sail at a moment's warning. Sir John Jervis was one of the admirals, and hoisted his flag on board the Prince, of 98 guns. As he well knew Captain Rogers's character in the navy, he appointed him his captain.

When the Spaniards gave way, and the fleet was to be disarmed, Sir John's division sailed from Spithead to Plymouth, where they were to be paid off. As they approached the harbour, and made signals for pilots to carry them in, there was a great delay, as the pilots for some reason did not care to venture. Whatever the reason was, Captain Rogers thought it frivolous; and told the admiral, if he would give him leave, he would venture to carry the ships in himself. Sir John, who knew well, that Captain Rogers was not a man, who would attempt any thing, which he was not reasonably sure he could perform, told him, he was the captain of the ship, and might do, as he pleased. Accordingly Capt. Rogers

steered the Prince himself, and led into the harbour, through all the intricacies of the entrance, without meeting the least obstruction. This was thought a very notable piece of seamanship, and a great instance of Captain Rogers's nautical observations. A fleet was perhaps never carried before into Plymouth harbour without a pilot.

As soon as the fleet was safely moored, the Admiral set out for London, and left Captain Rogers to see his ship discharged, and laid up.

While the fleet lay in Plymouth harbour, some disagreeable circumstances happened among the seamen, which Captain Rogers put a stop to in a spirited manner, by hastily dismissing two or three of the petty officers. He immediately sent an account of what he had done to the admiral, from whom he received the following letter. It shews the great sagacity of that celebrated commander in foreseeing at a distance those discontents, which have since burst out in so alarming a manner.

Dear Sir,

I return you many thanks for your letter of the 24th, and very much approve your having dismissed Messrs. O'Connor, Rede, Douglass,

and Blackles. I desire it may be conveyed to them, that I shall never more consider them, as attached to my fortunes; and that they may think themselves well off, that I carry it no farther. Admiral Edwards, who is sitting by me, desires I will confirm my judgment by his censure of Mr. Blackles.

I am very much concerned, that the credit we have all merited, in the equipment, should, in the smallest degree, be sullied by the disorder you mention to have appeared in three of your ships; which I hope has gone no farther. I saw this in my mind's eye, and submitted it in a respectful manner to the Admiralty, with an expedient to prevent it. My letter was not acknowledged, and no measures taken upon the proposition.

I dare say you will be very quiet in the Prince. It may not be amiss however to husband your work a little. You will have some employ in the stowage of the ballast, which I told the king I had directed to be done, before the ship was paid off. I explained the principle to his majesty; and he understood it perfectly. I am, &c.

J. JERVIS.

Bedford-row, Nov. 27, 1790.

The fleet was not long laid up. The troubles in France broke out soon after: and though discerning men, with great sagacity, foresaw those troubles would engage the French in settling their domestic quarrels at least fifty years, and leave England unmolested during that period; yet, (so short-sighted are politicians) in less than fifty weeks they had contrived to engage Britain in the quarrel.

We have nothing farther to do with the history of the war, than as Captain Rogers was engaged in it. We might swell the volume to a great length by taking in all the particulars of it, as indeed he was, more or less engaged in most of them. But where he was not the commander in chief, the more we enlarge our picture by making it historical, and introducing a number of other figures, by so much we diminish the principal one, which we should wish rather to introduce with the importance of portrait. Such curious particulars however, as may tend to enliven the story, or (to carry on the allusion) may be pleasing appendages to the portrait, may properly, as they occur, be introduced.

In the year 1792 Sir John Jervis was talked of to command an expedition to the West-

indies. He was to hoist his flag on board the Prince; and the affair went so far, that Captain Rogers, whom he appointed to command her, was sent down to Plymouth to commission and array the ship. In the mean time, some difficulty arising, Sir John's expedition was laid aside for the present; and an express was sent to stop Captain Rogers, who had gotten as far as Blandford, in his way to Plymouth.

This was a great disappointment to him; but he bore it with his usual fortitude. His friends however were rather surprised to find, that month after month elapsed, and no notice was taken of him. So active, and distinguished an officer, they imagined would have been called out among the first.

The case was this, Sir John Jervis was at that time, not very well with the ministry. He was one of the only officers, who divided in parliament against the address; and had on other occasions shewn a spirit, which was not quite relished. And as he had always expressed a particular regard to Captain Rogers, it was supposed he had influenced his political principles; though in fact he never talked with him on any subjects, but those of his profession. Another thing also in Captain Rogers's con-

duct was said to have given umbrage: he had attended the Marquis of Lansdown at the Wickham election. And this was true enough. The Marquis had been very obliging to him on many occasions; and he had often been at his house. He had attended him to Wickham therefore merely out of civility: for in fact, he was so little acquainted with party-matters, that as a mere party-man, he was neither worth the marquis's notice, nor that of any other person. He knew no distinction of party, but that of Englishman, and Frenchman.

His kind friend however, Sir Andrew Hammond, who knew more of these party-offences, than Captain Rogers knew himself, took great pains to represent him every where, and particularly at the Admiralty, as he really was, a man totally unversed in party-intrigues, and given up wholly to his profession.

Among other steps to purify his political principles, Sir Andrew carried him to court; which, he used often to say, was the most painful visit he ever made. His foot, which had been so severely wounded, when he commanded the General Monk in the Delawar, was still so infirm, that he could bear its being

bound only by a very loose shoe-string. On this occasion however Sir Andrew made him buckle his shoe. But to make his foot neat, he had buckled it so tight that it made him sweat with pain; and what was worse, he was afraid had spoiled all the bows, which he had made at court.

Through such kind interference, all prejudices blew over; and Captain Rogers was appointed to the command of the Quebec a fine frigate of 32 guns.

To prevent any mistake about the name of this frigate, which might occasion some confusion in the story, she was built in the room of the old Quebec, whose catastrophe is memorable. Captain Farmer, who commanded her, fell in with a French frigate of superior force; which he engaged, in close action, near four hours. Both ships were dismasted; and the event was yet in suspence, when the Quebec took fire. Captain Farmer should now have struck, as there was no possibility of doing more. But he continued fighting, while his ship was burning; and when the fire increased so much, that his men could not stand at their guns, but leaped into the sea, he sat down on the stock of an anchor, and

waited patiently, till the ship blew up. We lament such instances of intemperate valour. But in the midst of great actions, especially when unsuccessful, candour will pity an intrepid mind, which in those moments of keen distress, is not entirely master of itself.

Captain Rogers took the command of the new Quebec*, as he hoped, with better auspices. He was immediately sent to join Admiral M' Bride, who commanded a squadron of frigates, at that time, in the channel.

Before he sailed, he called his crew together, and told them he wished to have nobody with him, who was not really attached to him; and therefore would have only volunteers in his service. The rest he would turn over to other ships; and make up the deficiency himself. He thus got together a ship's company, who were to a man ready to do every thing to serve him. It was indeed sup-

* While the Quebec was fitting, some of the shipwrights observed, the thickness of some particular planks would prevent her sailing, and hesitated whether to put them on, but on hearing who was to command, they proceeded with their work declaring, America Rogers will make her sail let her timbers be what they may.

posed he had one of the best ship's companies in the service. He had seventy-five people on board, who were all able to keep the ship's reckoning: and that they might not lose their knowledge, he made them constantly when he was at sea, bring their accounts to him. This enabled him to make several petty officers out of his ship; and it was always a pleasure to him to serve those, who deserved it.

The Duke of York was, at this time laying siege to Dunkirk; and Admiral M'Bride was sent to block up all access to it by sea; and to assist, in what way he could, the besieging army. He wished to make a diversion by running up under the batteries of Dunkirk: but the pilots refused to take charge of the ships. Captain Rogers however landed with some other officers, and waited on the Duke of York, to know in what way they could assist the siege: but it does not appear, that any thing was proposed.

Before hostilities began, the town had been summoned by Commodore Clements to surrender, in order *to stop the progress of a war, which must infallibly involve the town, and inhabitants of Dunkirk in total ruin,*

end destruction. Under whose orders the Commodore sent into Dunkirk this menace, does not appear. But considering the precarious chance of war, one should think such language improper. It is always disgusting, and too often a prelude to a defeat. It was notoriously so in the last war, when General Burgoyn published his vaunting manifesto, a little before the affair of Saratoga: and it was so in this war, when the Duke of Brunswick entered France, with threatening language a little before he was obliged to retreat. To a modest summons no exception can be made, however the event falls out. The answer of General Rerenveyer, governor of Dunkirk, to Commodore Clements, was much more proper.

" Sir,

" I have received the letter, you took the trouble to write to me on your intended plans: and the orders, with which you are charged. I have only a few words in reply. Neither I, nor any of the inhabitants of Dunkirk will listen to any proposals tending to dishonour the French name. It is useless therefore to consume time in epistolary cor-

respondence. Do me the honour to attack me in a military manner, and I shall have that of answering you in that way, in which discussions of this kind ought to be terminated."

The summons of Dunkirk ended as, we have just observed, such menacing language often does end, in disgrace. Captain Rogers and his brother-officers had scarce returned to their ships, when they heard, that the French had fallen with advantage on the Duke of York's camp—had taken above thirty pieces of cannon—one hundred and sixty barrels of gunpowder, and had entirely raised the siege.

Captain Rogers, during the whole war, was as useful at land, as he was at sea. He was esteemed one of the best naval architects in the service; and was always consulted, and much employed in contriving, and fitting out gun-boats, and other small vessels, that were intended to act in shallow water. Once during his commanding the Quebec, he was sent for to Sheerness from Deal, to consult with the deputy-surveyor of the navy about some improvements in fitting out a little squadron of armed ships.

On some service of this kind, he was sent also by the admiral to consult with the Duke of York, soon after the siege was raised. In the mean time the fleet, leaving him in Holland, sailed for the Downs. The following is his own account of this little expedition.

Deal, September 24, 1793.

"You will be surprised to hear the Quebec has been three days here, till I explain the reason of my not writing. Just before the fleet left the Flemish coast, I was sent by the admiral to consult with the Duke of York on several points of service. I proceeded from Nieuport to Dixmude, Ipres, and Menin: and after I had executed my commission, I returned by Ostend, where a cutter was in waiting to bring me here. I landed yesterday morning, and had a hair's-breadth escape for my life in landing. It blew hard, and I should not have attempted it, but from a belief that it was necessary to communicate with the admiral as soon as possible. I think it probable Dunkirk may once more be attempted. I have orders at least to survey the road, taking with me a sloop of war, and

several cutters. I do not care how soon this service is over; for it is more pregnant with difficulties, I fear, than either with honour, or glory. It is rumoured Sir John Jervis goes to the West-Indies in the Boyne. I have no wish to quit a ship, so well manned as the Quebec. But I should like to proceed on that service. I almost fear my industry, on our late expedition will prevent it. I have had strong hints from the admiral to that effect."

I am, &c.

The next expedition, in which Captain Rogers was engaged, was more successful than the affair of Dunkirk. Soon after the defeat there, he was sent with Admiral M'Bride to the relief of Nieuport, then besieged by the French; and in want of ammunition. Captain Rogers, who was always foremost in every hazardous enterprise, offered himself as a volunteer to throw supplies into the town. Accordingly he landed with fifty of his men, and performed the service with such judgment, gallantry, and success, that he received the applause of all, who saw the

action, and the thanks of those, who conducted the service.

This was the chief assistance expected from the ships: but Captain Rogers never thought he had done enough, when it was in his power to do more. He staid on shore therefore to assist the troops in an intended attack upon the French lines. His own spirited account of the whole affair, is contained in the following letter.

Quebec, (at sea)
November 2, 1793.

"The moment it was understood, that the French were besieging Nieuport, Sir Charles Grey, and General Dundas with four regiments were ordered to fly to its relief. On the 28th in the morning, we set sail, and arrived at Nieuport that night. Here finding the garrison hard pressed—expecting every moment to be stormed—and their ammunition nearly expended, I did not hesitate a moment to offer my services, to take charge of a supply, and endeavour with a detachment of seamen, and marines, to throw myself into the town. This was accepted. At the same time General Dundas was sent to Ostend, to march the 42nd

regiment, and the light companies of the 27th, the 19th, and the 57th to support the town. I landed at eight o'clock; and at nine had the satisfaction to enter by the Ostend-gate, with thirty barrels of powder, &c. It is impossible to describe the situation of the town—shot, and shells continually flying, and demolishing every thing in their progress. General Dundas came in by noon; after which I do not think the enemy had a chance of succeeding by a storm. However they marched a strong column towards a redoubt, which they had taken on the right of our works; and every disposition was made, before night, to resist any attempts. The Quebec's marines, and seamen had the honour to be placed in an advanced work without the Dunkirk-gate. General Dundas, and I were on the bastion expected to be stormed: and a most dismal night we had. The enemy continued to throw shot and shells with all possible vigour. At ten o'clock the town was on fire. The bells began to toll. Four, or five houses were burnt down: and the shells were constantly bursting, and blowing houses to pieces. At twelve the French ceased firing altogether; and I had no doubt but they were retreating.

At day-break we saw them filing off in large columns. On which we immediately moved out; and their rear-guard quitted their works; in which we found four twenty-four pounders —two brass mortars, with a great quantity of shot, and shells, and two grates for heating red-hot shot. The seamen immediately drew one of the twenty-four pounders from the French lines into the town, before Sir Charles Grey's door, (who had just arrived from Ostend) and gave him three cheers. The next morning, the whole garrison was drawn out to receive the thanks of General Dundas; and my people were placed on the right of the whole. I inclose to you the thanks sent to me, that you may be assured I did my duty.—We lost, in killed and wounded, including Germans, about an hundred men."

I think it was in one of these expeditions to the continent, that Captain Rogers gave occasion to a joke, which was long remembered against him. He was sent on some occasion, with one or two of his officers, on board a French man of war. The French Captain treated him with great politeness— invited him to dinner, and entertained him as

an Englishman, with roast beef.* It is the French mode to cut thin slices of meat, and send them round on a plate to the company, each of whom takes his slice. As Captain Rogers was a stranger, the plate was sent first to him. But as he was much better acquainted with the mode of fighting the French, than of eating with them, he supposed the whole plate was intended for him, and to the great amusement of the company, eat it all up.

After many delays, a West-India expedition being at length adjusted, the ministry had too much good sense to deprive the country of the services of an able officer for any little party prejudices. Sir John Jervis, therefore, was appointed to command the expedition; and hoisted his flag on board the Boyne: on which occasion Captain Rogers had a compliment paid him, which few private Captains

* The little joke of roast beef happened in America, when he was sent with, a pretence to treat for an exchange of prisoners, but, in reality, to observe the French force. The French Admiral told him he knew his errand, treated him with great politeness, but detained him for many weeks, and he always attributed a loss of promotion to that detention. EDITOR.

ever had. Sir John thinking he had a right to take him, as he had appointed him one of his officers, when the West-India expedition was first talked of, sent for him to attend his fleet with the Quebec, which he then commanded. But Admiral M'Bride, finding him so useful a man in the channel service, and considering him as now attached to his fleet, refused to give him up: at which Admiral Jervis took great offence, and made a point of having him in his squadron. Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Dundas were, at that time, both at Dover, and endeavoured to adjust the matter between the two Admirals, and rather wished Captain Rogers to stay where he was, as he was so extremely useful in the service, in which he was then engaged. But Sir John Jervis was steady in his requisition, and threw out hints, that he must decline the command, if he could not choose his own officers. In the mean time Captain Rogers behaved with so much propriety between the two parties, that were contending for him, that he gave offence to neither. In the end, Sir John Jervis prevailed, and Captain Rogers had orders to join his fleet.

He was extremely glad of this decision, on many accounts. "I am heartily tired," (says he in a letter to a friend) "of this rambling "channel-service. Besides, I am absolutely "spending a little fortune. I am constantly "full of great folks, and I need not tell you "how very expensive this is to me."

On the decision of this business he received the following fatherly letter from his kind friend Sir Andrew Hamond.

"I rejoice, my dear sir, sincerely on your having got so handsomely rid of the Flanders expedition. I had no doubt from your abilities, and knowledge of that kind of service, but that you would distinguish yourself, wherever you had opportunity; and it is very flattering to me to hear all the civil things, that are said of you by Sir Charles Grey, and others from the continent.—I congratulate you very much on the prospect, that is now open to you. You are embarked on a pleasant service, and possess the confidence of both Admiral, and General; which cannot fail to render you an object of envy to many in the fleet; and expose you to many troublesome solicitations from others. But your dis-

cernment will easily shew you, how to treat both properly, and never to pledge yourself for any, but those, of whose merits you are well assured.

I am, &c."

He received also the following letter from General Dundas, which I transcribe merely to give one instance, among many, of the pleasure every one took in his company; and of crossing the seas in his cheerful society.

London, November 12, 1793.

" My dear Sir,

" As we have fought together, I shall be happy to have us live together. Therefore, as Sir John Jervis has not said where I am to be, if he does not make a point of my being in the Boyne, allow me to put myself, my aid de camp, and Brigade-Major, with two servants for myself, and two for my staff, into the Quebec. We shall behave quietly, and peaceably, while *on board.* I have several stores on board the Royal William, which are perishable: and these I must be allowed to bring with me; and I must also go my share of the stock. When ashore, you shall be of my

mess, if you like it.——Sir Charles Grey, and I shall be at Portsmouth on saturday. You will do me a favour by writing to me by the return of the post. I am sincerely yours,

D. Dundas."

The two following notes he received from Sir John Jervis, just as the fleet sailed. They are no otherwise important, than as they plainly indicate the great pleasure, which that eminent commander took in carrying Captain Rogers with him.

" I send the Quebec to you. Come through the Needles. I will hawl along the island; and if I see nothing of you at dusk, I will bear up, and make the easiest sail imaginable; and bring to, at day-break to-morrow morning. I mean to run close to the Start, and Lizard; and to make the island of Madeira, which you must not touch at, if you should miss of me; but go directly to Barbadoes.

I am, &c.

Boyne, St. Helens,
November 26."

"The moment we saw the Dart, I got under sail; Sir Charles Grey, and I having determined to go with what we had. But General Dundas, Colonel Symes, and YOU are too valuable to be left behind: so here we are, running back to St. Helen's.—Do not be later on board to-morrow than one o'clock, the wind being too precious to lose.

Yours, &c.

Boyne, November 27."

The following letters give the particulars of Captain Rogers's voyage to Madeira. I choose to give what particulars I can in his *own words;* chiefly because they tend so much to open his character.—The former of these letters shews, in an extraordinary degree, his solicitude about the charge intrusted to him. Though he was bound on a voyage to the West-Indies, and within little more than a mile of his wife, and family, for whom, on all occasions he expressed the tenderest regard, he would not allow himself the pleasure of going on shore, lest something might happen, though he knew not what, to injure the trust, in which he had engaged.——From the second letter, it appears as if he had acted contrary

to the Admiral's orders, in touching at Madeira. But, no doubt, he had either received some counter-order; or had heard of, or seen the Admiral, or had at least a very good reason to give him for not going directly to Barbadoes, as in the former of these letters he says he intended to do.

Quebec, off Lymington river,
November 26, 1793.

"You will be surprized to see the date of my letter; but I have dropped anchor here, to wait for two of the ordnance transports, which lag behind. I wish I could see you; but my reputation is too dear to my own peace of mind to risque any thing, that can in the least tend to injure me in the opinion of the Admiral, and Sir Charles. My exertions for these three days past have lifted me to the highest heaven of their affections; and this apology you must offer to all my friends. I am saddled with three passengers,* who will make a beggar of me.—I am worn

* Who these passengers were, I never heard. General Dundas was not one of them; for the Admiral made a point of his going in the Boyne.

down to death's door with fatigue. The present moments are full of anxiety. The very existence of our operations depends on the ships now under my care: and I despair of coming up with the Admiral. All our heavy artillery—intrenching, and mining tools—mortars—ball—cartridges—in short, every thing of consequence are in these vessels. I go for Barbadoes directly. The guns you will hear this evening, are the Quebec's."

Madeira, December 21, 1793.

"I have the greatest pleasure in telling you of my safe arrival here yesterday, after a very tedious, and boisterous passage. I did not fall in with the Admiral, which of course increased my anxiety for the safety of the three ordnance ships, beyond description. And in truth, I must say, it has completely worn me down. Yet I have no doubt of my being completely set up again in a few days, as all my anxieties are now given to the winds. Our passage, till we made Cape Finisterre, was pleasant for the time of the year; and I had a hope of making it quickly. But from that time, we had constant hard gales; and from not being able to carry any sail

with the convoy, the ship laboured so much, and took in so much water in her upper works, that we could neither eat, nor sleep dry.—On the 28th of last month I fell in with the Zebra, and took her under my command to add a little to my strength.—I am now about fourteen hundred miles from you; and it is at this time what they call their winter. But surely this is the finest climate of the world. Oranges are in high perfection; and every thing wears the appearance of the finest summer-day we know in England. Nothing can exceed the beautiful, and enchanting views on this island. To day is the queen of Portugal's birth-day; and the ships are all in their gaudy colours. My mind has been actively employed at every leisure moment: and I hope not in vain. I have invented a simple machine for moving heavy artillery, where wheels cannot act: and I am anxious to see the Admiral, and Sir Charles to lay the model before them. I think it will meet their approbation, and do me credit.——My men come on finely: and if all the ships, that compose Sir John's squadron, arrive in time, my command will be nearly three thou-

sand men. They cease already to call me Captain; and all hail me General."

From Madeira he set sail immediately for Barbadoes. But one of his ordnance ships was so sluggish, that he thought it proper to take her in tow. And as this obliged him to carry a press of sail, the Quebec had hard service in dragging her on.

When he arrived at Barbadoes, he was received by the Admiral, and General with open arms; and was thanked over, and over, for his care, and judgment in bringing up the store-ships. Indeed both of them made a point of gratifying him in every thing. His friends were immediately provided for; and that spontaneously. A squadron of frigates was to be put under his command at sea: and on shore, he was to have the rank of Brigadier-General, with a body of seamen, and marines under him. He says in a letter, he never knew before what it was to be a man in power. And indeed he had full occasion for the cautious advice, which his kind friend Sir Andrew Hamond had given him before he left England. If he had not been a man of great moderation, and discretion, the countenance

shewn him both by the Admiral, and General must have overset him, and have occasioned great competition, and heart-burning against him. And, no doubt, it was rather mortifying to many old officers, and commanders of large ships, to see so much notice taken of a young man, and the Captain only of a frigate, though indeed the Admiral offered him a ship of the line, if he had chosen to command one. All this praise, and attention would certainly have had a bad effect on a light man: but Captain Rogers behaved with so much discretion, and was so easy, and happy in his temper, that it does not appear he ever gave the least offence to any of his brother-officers. They could not but acknowledge he deserved the notice he received; and could only therefore wish, they had been as fortunate as he was. The Admiral however well knew, how superior a man he was; and how much he could depend upon him in every service.

The first business, in which the Admiral engaged him, was to go round all the British islands; and carry instructions to the governors; and at the same time to order an embargo to be laid on all the ports. This was

the first preparatory measure to the operations intended against the French.

While Captain Rogers was on this expedition, he was distressed to see the melancholy havoc, which the yellow fever had made in all these islands; and to find, it had gotten also into some of the king's ships, which were stationed among them. The Solebay in particular had lost every officer, except the captain; and out of two hundred and forty men, had buried two hundred.

In the mean time, the Admiral was waiting impatiently at Barbadoes for the remainder of his force, in order to proceed to action. During this pause, all the frigates and sloops were *on the wing*, as Captain Rogers phrases it, to pick up what prizes they could. And it was not without a prudent eye to his own advantage, that he had refused the command of a large ship. He was as active, and judicious in laying out for prizes, as in every thing else in which he was concerned. In a little time he took nine ships, which was a greater number, than all the other cruizers together had taken.

He had an enterprize however in view, which would have yielded him a considerable profit,

if he could have effected it. He had observed fourteen sail of merchantmen lying in Port Lewis harbour in Guadaloupe, which was defended by a battery of four eighteen pounders. He had made his observations however so justly, and had laid his plan so well, that he had little doubts of being able to cut them all out. And it is probable, that unless something extraordinary had happened, he would have done it. Nine-tenths of the year the trade-winds blew favourably to his purpose: but on the day he intended to make the attempt, the wind veering round, blew directly from the opposite point: and his orders from the admiral had measured his time too strictly to allow him to wait another day.

While he was at Barbadoes, a little circumstance happened, which is worth inserting, as it shews, how much he was, on all occasions, at the admiral's right-hand. The physician of the army came, one day, on board the Boyne to consult the admiral about enlarging the port-holes of the Atlantic hospital-ship, which he thought were too close for the sick. The captain, he said, durst not do it himself without the admiral's order, as he was afraid of weakening the ship. The admiral said, he was little acquainted with

the business himself: But, added he, I'll procure you one, who will decide upon it at once: and immediately ordered a signal to be thrown out for the captain of the Quebec to come on board. By his advice, on returning with the physician to inspect the ship, the business was easily managed.

And here I shall insert a singular escape, which the physician * just mentioned had at this time; though I think not on this occasion. He went on some business to one of Sir John Jervis's ships, lying at a league's distance, in a schooner, manned only by two or three negroes. The wind was loud; and as he stood upon the poop, the boom gave way; and beat him backward into the sea. Emerging after the first plunge, he saw the schooner had shot away far beyond him, and out of any probability of giving him assistance. In fact, the negroes on board had not skill to manage her, or turn her round. He could not swim, and gave himself up for lost. Happily however, as he was floundering on the water, he had the presence of mind to recollect, that Dr. Franklin, in one of his treatises, says, that

* He is brother to the author of these memoirs.

any one may swim, who will stretch out his hands, and feet in the water. He made the effort, and found he could at last keep himself above the surface. During this effort, though the time appeared long, he thought a full half hour must have elapsed. He was however quite spent. His cloaths, drenched in water, weighed him down; and a pair of thin boots, being now soaked full, fell down to his feet, where they hung like two dead weights. As he was beginning to sink, he made his last struggle, and saw the prow of a boat making rapidly towards him; and immediately after a hand reached out to save him.—The fact was, a boat passing that way, the men on board observed the schooner in great confusion; and by the signs the people made, were providentially directed right. They first found a hat floating; and that led them on to the owner of it. He said afterwards, he believed, that if the idea of the sharks, which frequent those seas, had ever struck him, it would entirely have unmanned him.

By the beginning of February, 1794, Sir John Jervis, and Sir Charles Grey had collected their forces, and were ready to proceed to action against the French islands. "Our

preparations (says Captain Rogers in a letter dated, Barbadoes February 2) close this day, and we expect to sail to-morrow. Our force is small. We had a regiment taken from us before we left Spithead. If Lord Hood had not detained Admiral Gell, we should have had eight hundred more men added to our force: and our army is besides so much reduced by sickness, that we can only muster five thousand three hundred effective men. We expect a hard struggle; but we have thrown the die; and hope for success.—We have not lost a man, since we left Spithead. In one of our cruizes we had a marine wounded in the body; and a seaman in the face; but they will both do well."

The first attempt of this armament was against Martinico. This rich, and therefore ill-fated island is naturally the first object of the British arms against the French in the West-indies. The English took it about thirty years ago; but gave it up again by treaty at the end of the war. However by having it in their possession they were perfectly well acquainted with its weaknesses and strength; and on that knowledge founded their present

hopes of taking it, though their force seemed unequal.

Martinico is about sixty miles long, and thirty broad, running in a direction nearly east, and west. It is rocky, and mountainous; and its plains, and vallies are fertilized by a number of rivers and springs, which fall from the higher grounds. From these high grounds also are very beautiful views over every part of the island, which are bounded by the sea. There are various little forts and batteries placed on different eminences along the shores: but the only place of real strength, is Fort-royal, and its dependent Fort-Louis. The island is every where full of indentations: but the most commodious harbour formed by any of them, is at Fort-royal. It runs two or three miles into the land; and the entrance into it, which extends somewhat more than a mile from one side to the other, is defended on the left, by the works of Fort-royal; and on the right by a fortified island, called Pigeon's island; which lies near the opposite shore. The guns of these two fortresses completely command the entrance of the harbour. But as Fort-royal stands low, and is overlooked by higher grounds, it wants itself some defence;

and therefore the precipice, which rises almost perpendicularly from it, is fortified by another work, called Fort-Bourbon; which is considered as the strongest port in the West-indies. In these several works the chief strength of the island lay. I have in few words thus described them, in order to make the account of the capture of it as clear as I can.

All things being now ready, the armament sailed from Barbadoes in two or three divisions. Captain Rogers was ordered to hoist a commodore's pennant, and take the following ships under his command—the Quebec of 32 guns—the Dromedary of 44—the Ceres of 32—the Nautilus of 18—the Rattlesnake of 18—the Zebra of 18—the Sea-flower of 14—the Vesuvius bomb—and the Spiteful, and Teazer, gun-boats.

This was a large command, and the admiral had some difficulty in giving it to him. As Captain Rogers was a young officer, it was not easy to find so many younger officers, as were here wanted to serve under him. Sir John was obliged therefore to send the senior officers on other services, that he might make up this command for Captain Rogers. He had so high an opinion indeed of his abilities,

and so much confidence in his judgment, that he used to call him to assist at all councils of war with the admirals, and general officers. All this partiality gave so much offence, that three old captains resigned their ships, and retired home. The admiral was sorry for it; but he thought the service required his having a man about him, on whose promptness, and vigour, either in commanding, or obeying, he could entirely depend.

At the outset of this embarkation, a circumstance happened, which gave Captain Rogers great distress, as every thing did, which was committed to his trust, and did not fall out exactly, as he wished. On the fleet's leaving Barbadoes in different directions, Commodore Rogers was ordered to join the admiral with his squadron in a large bay at the southern end of Martinico, called St. Anne's bay. He took an experienced pilot therefore on board; and under his conduct anchored in the night with his frigates, in what the pilot assured him was the place of rendezvous. He was rather surprized at not finding the admiral there, who had sailed before him. However he rested quietly on his anchors till the morning. When the sun rose, he plainly saw the English fleet

lying at a distance in a different island; and the pilot in a fright came, and told him he had carried him by mistake into the island of St. Lucia. The consequence was not very material; and the pilot had it to answer for: but a mind, like his, so punctilious in duty, felt on this occasion, that chagrin, which belongs only to fatal mistakes. His steward told me he had seldom seen him more disturbed. I mention the circumstance merely to shew the nicety of his feelings.

By this time a body of troops had landed on the northern part of the island, with a view to take all the little forts, and batteries on that side; and so leaving nothing behind them, to march through the island, towards Fort-Bourbon, and attack it on the land side: while another body was to make a descent on the southern side, sustained by Commodore Rogers, and attack it by sea.

This landing was successfully made, and Sir Charles Grey, and his troops disembarked safely in St. Anne's bay, which is a few miles south of Fort-Louis, where they would be ready to act, when the troops that had landed at the other end of the island, had done their busi-

ness, and had made their way good to Fort-Bourbon by land.

In the meantime, while the troops from the north, and south were thus forming a union, Commodore Rogers, with a detachment under Sir Charles Gordon, was sent against some forts, and batteries at Cape Pilot, which is a little higher, along the western side of the island, than Fort-Louis. But he found some difficulty in it. As the shore afforded no anchorage for his ships, he could not keep them steady; and of course could not point his guns. The business however was effected.

He went next against a more important fortress; that on the Isle de Ramiers. "I had been up (says he, speaking of this action) all night with the boats of the squadron, to endeavour to get two 24-pounders landed close by the fort in a small cove. But the distance from the ships was such, that the day broke before we reached the cove: when the enemy opened a terrible fire upon us. The boat which carried the guns—the launch, and admiral's barge were all pierced through and through: but happily we reached the shore." The place was then stormed, and soon taken. "Every thing," says Captain Rogers, "is

now done by pike, and bayonet. Gunpowder will soon be out of fashion."

In the attack of Ramiers Mr. Thomas Rogers, brother to the captain, and then a lieutenant, distinguished himself so much, that he received public thanks from the general, and was appointed governor of the fort.

A little circumstance may here be mentioned, which shews how much both the admiral, and general delighted in doing every thing, that was agreeable to Captain Rogers. When he sailed from Spithead, his lady had presented him with a silken flag, which she had made to adorn his ship. "I have great pleasure, (says he, in a letter to her,) in telling you, that the colour, which you presented to the Quebec, was the first colour displayed on the Isle de Ramiers. When the general entered the fortress, it was waved in front of the seamen, and accompanied with three cheers. I anchored under the fort two hours after it was taken, and was saluted also by the garrison, with three cheers; which we did not fail to return."

This letter was accompanied by the following obliging one from the admiral.

My Dear Madam,

Your silken flag was hoisted upon islet de Ramiers—our first important conquest. Your hero will be so covered with laurels, that you will not be able to keep him in order, when he returns. Very affectionately yours,

J. JERVIS.

Boyne, Fort-royal Bay,
Feb. 15, 1794.

St. Pierre was next attacked, and taken, in the harbour of which eighty-four vessels of different kinds were seized. In this fort, and the other forts, that had surrendered, above a thousand mortars, and cannon, and military stores in vast quantities fell into the hands of the English. St. Pierre was the only remaining fortress upon the Island of Martinico, except the Forts Royal; and Bourbon. "I hope," says Capt. Rogers, "these will soon fall, and if so, we may finish the conquest of all the French islands this campaign. I am almost a stranger to rest; and am worn down with fatigue: but I feel no diminution of the admiral's and general's confidence, and esteem; and that cheers me on. They are heroes, who seem determined to succeed: and the same determination

illumines the heart of every one.—I forgot to tell you, that the general has requested the admiral to make my brother Tom a captain, which will probably take place, before you receive this."

All things being now prepared for the siege of Fort-royal, it commenced with an attack upon Pigeon-island: which, we have seen, guards, on one side, the entrance of the harbour. The most commodious way of attacking it was from the high grounds on that side of the bay, which commanded it. The French had defended those eminences with some works: but they were presently taken; and batteries raised in their room to fire down upon Pigeon-island. The fire was well directed; and Captain Rogers, at the same time, pouring in with his seamen and gun-boats, the place was presently taken.

An opening into the carinage, as it is called, or harbour, being thus made, the whole English fleet, keeping close under Pigeon-island, now entered, and seized in the bay near an hundred ships of different descriptions. They were able also to give assistance to the several camps, which were forming the siege of Fort-Louis.

The particulars however of the seige belong to history. We have only to do with that part of it, in which Captain Rogers was concerned; who acted in the double capacity, sometimes of a naval officer, conducting the boats, and seamen; and sometimes of a brigadier-general at the head of his brigade, on land.

In this latter capacity observing where he thought he could annoy the enemy with great advantage, from a lofty situation in the woods, called Morne Tartenson, he asked leave of the general to form, and conduct a battery there himself, without consulting the engineers.

As he was known to be a man, who never attempted any thing, which he had not a reasonable prospect of performing, he easily obtained leave, and encamping with his brigade, he pleased his men greatly by telling them, his battery should be erected, and managed only by seamen.

Though his genius was at sea, he became an excellent camp officer; and seemed perfectly familiar with all the duties of his new station. To the provisions, and other accommodations of his men, he was very attentive. Cleanliness in that hot climate, he thought a-

great point; and it appears among his orders to his officers to carry such of the men, as were not on duty, every day to the sea, and make them bathe; but not to suffer them to continue in the water above five minutes.

No man ever spared himself less, or suffered fatigue with greater cheerfulness in the way of his duty. "The admiral," says he, "believes I can subsist without sleep: for I assure you I have not had my cloaths off, since we left Barbadoes, which is six or seven weeks ago. Nor have I either boat-cloak, great coat, or blanket. My only bed is a mahogany plank. But I thank God, I never had better health: nor do I feel the climate. The dews are very heavy; and I generally get soaked twice, or thrice in the course of the night, in visiting the pickets, and out-posts.—We are very near the enemy. Their shot, and shells fly over us; and we have rather unquiet nights. Do you remember Lieutenant Milne of the Boyne? He is now a captain, and commands one of the Boyne's companies of seamen. He has lost both his legs by a shell, and I fear cannot live. He was a fine pleasant fellow; he is now in my tent; and has still a smile upon his countenance.—I know you

will say, I am prodigal of health, and life. It may be so: but it is shameful to be outdone in danger, or enterprize.—While I am writing, the enemy has thrown a number of shot into our camp. Three are just brought me, of thirty-six pounds weight.—I understand the moment the colours are hauled down here, I must instantly proceed with the squadron to invest Guadaloupe."

While Captain Rogers lay in his camp before Fort-royal, he had a narrow escape in one of his reconoitering parties. He was making some observations at night with Lord William Townsend, his aid-de-camp, when they fell in unexpectedly with a French picket. One of the centinels snapped his firelock at them; but it missed fire: on which they immediately pushed on, as if they had been followed by a covering-party; and the French conceiving they durst not have acted in that bold manner, unless they had been seconded, precipitately fled. If they had retreated, they would have been infallibly pursued. They picked up a firelock, and some other little things, which the French had thrown away in their haste, and returned to the camp in triumph.

While Captain Rogers was attending his battery before Port-royal, an affair happened, which gave him more distress, than any thing which had happened during the course of the war. He had two naval captains, who served under him as his brigade-majors; one of whom, Captain Faulkenor of the Zebra, was his particular friend. He was one of the most gallant young men in the navy; and adorned also with many amiable qualities; but he was fiery, fierce, and ungoverned in his passions. People used to remark the difference between him, and his friend Captain Rogers. Both were equally brave: but while the bravery of the one was calm, mild, and unimpassioned; the bravery of the other was fierce, violent, and overbearing.

This young man happened, one day, to be the officer on duty in the camp, when an engineer came out of curiosity to look at the battery, and found some fault with it. It was somewhat impertinent in him, as Captain Rogers had, by the general's order, the entire direction of the whole, "without being pestered," as he phrased it, "with engineers, or artillerymen." Capt. Faulkenor, both on his friend's

account, and because he thought himself right, and the engineer wrong, was extremely warm on the occasion; and some high words passed between them. Unhappily at that instant, while his passion had gotten the better of him, a quarter-master belonging to the Boyne, either not executing immediately some order that had been given, or saying something, which sounded either contemptuous or mutinous, Captain Faulkenor made a push at him with his sword. It unluckily happened, that his sword had that very day been in the hands of the armourer, who had cleaned, and pointed it. It did its business therefore too effectually; and the man dropped down dead upon the spot.—This occasioned, as may easily be supposed, great confusion in the camp. The men threw down their tools; and said they did not know, whether they had to fight with friends, or enemies; while the comrades of the dead man took off his bloody jacket, and sent it as a signal of discontent, on board the Boyne.

Twice the evening, and morning drum beat to call the men to their posts: but not a man would stir. In the mean time Captain Rogers

went among them, and in his gentle manner, and soothing language accosting the most violent, brought them by degrees to a better temper. He assured them he had already written an account of the whole affair to the admiral, who would, no doubt, put Capt. Faulkenor upon his trial. On the second morning therefore when the drum beat, they all went quietly to work; and the day after, Captain Rogers received the following note from the admiral.

"This homicide is a very unfortunate event. I desire you will collect all the evidence, and state to me the circumstances, that I may order a court-martial thereupon.—In the mean time Captain Faulkenor must go on board the Zebra in a state of arrest; and let the lieutenant bring the sloop here. A public letter accompanies this; and you will be so good as let Captain Faulkenor know, that the court-martial shall be assembled, as soon as he is ready.

Yours very sincerely,

J. JERVIS."

Boyne,
March 13, 1794.

On his trial, it appeared—that the expression, which excited his passion, had rather a mutinous tendency—and the whole crew of his own ship bearing witness to his humanity, he was acquitted; and resumed the command of the Zebra; but came no more on shore to assist his friend Captain Rogers.

But though Captain Faulkenor was acquitted by a court-martial, his own conscience did not so easily acquit him. He never enjoyed himself afterwards. He could not rest at night: and his men used to say, he was often heard at midnight walking with a hasty step about his cabin.

This unhappy affair being composed, Captain Rogers went on with his battery. His force was much less, than was originally intended, consisting only of seven hundred seamen. In the situation of the fleet the admiral could afford him no more. But they were all, as he calls them, *glorious fellows*.

He was again interrupted by a sally, which the enemy made on this side of the town; and his people were engaged with others in repulsing them. The troops suffered more in this little action, than in any other during the whole siege, having lost in killed, and wound-

ed about thirty men. Capt. Rogers's *glorious fellows* had a hand in this affair; but it does not appear what their particular loss was.

Notwithstanding however these delays, he got his battery at length finished.—It was so advantageously placed, on an eminence, which he had reconnoitered in the woods, that he fired down upon the enemy, at the distance only of grape-shot, and did such execution, that before the night of the first day, on which it opened, it had effectually silenced every thing opposed to it from the enemy's batteries on that side, except one gun, and a mortar. He lost in the trenches, during this attack about fourteen men killed, and wounded—three of them in a singular manner. The surgeon of the Quebec, Mr. Linsey, and two of Captain Rogers's bargemen, were standing near a small deposit of gunpowder, which was placed there for the use of the people employed in that part of the works. The enemy fired with red-hot shot: and one ball unluckily passing through the gunpowder, blew it up, together with the surgeon, and the two men, who stood near him. One of the men was a shocking spectacle: but the surgeon, and the other person, it was hoped, might recover.

In the mean time Captain Rogers was incessant in carrying on his works with vigour. "I have been all day (says he) in the trenches; and am as deaf as a beetle. I shall endeavour to get a little rest; but a very little must suffice."

The siege had now continued some days, and the enemy being more obstinate than was expected, the assailants began to think the best way of bringing them to reason, was to burn the town; and accordingly they made preparations for it. But first they sent in a flag of truce, to inform the governor of their intention; and to request, that he would order the sick, and wounded, together with the women, and children to be removed to a place of safety. The governor returned in answer, that, "He knew the English were too generous an enemy to put such a threat in execution; and assured them he should defend the place in such a manner, as to merit their esteem."—Whether this handsome message from the French governor put a stop to the design of burning the town, does not appear. The following letter however, which Captain Rogers received from the admiral, effectually prevented it.

" We have a plan for taking possession of Fort-Royal, and Fort St. Louis by the seamen in boats this night. I trust therefore it is not in the contemplation of any, on your side, to set the town on fire. If such an event should happen, the conquest will lose half its value: for the arsenal and carenage would probably be destroyed; and they are of an importance not to be estimated. I conjure you therefore not to take any part in the design, should it exist in the imagination of any man. Both the general, and I disapprove, in an inexpressible degree, a measure big with so much injury to the British navy.—I desire to see you, in order to concert the mode of attack, mentioned above, the moment you are at liberty.

Sincerely yours,
J. JERVIS."

Boyne,
Two o'clock Monday morning.

In consequence of concerting with the admiral the mode of attack mentioned in his letter, it was resolved, that Commodore Thompson on one side, and Commodore Rogers on the other, with boats and seamen

should land, and attempt an escalade: while two or three ships should cover the landing, and make a diversion by running up in front of the fort.

Accordingly the Zebra, Captain Faulkenor, and the Asia, a 64 gun ship, were ordered to advance. Whether the Asia *missed her stays*, as the seamen speak, or had some of her running rigging shot away, or for what other reason, was not sufficiently explained, but it is certain she fell back, and left the Zebra alone*. Captain Faulkenor however, though thus deserted, pushed on, and as it was high noon was received by the fort with a most tremendous fire of round, and grape shot, which made the sea foam around him. Two or three of his men were killed; and he himself received a shot on his cartouche-

* The Zebra was ordered up the carenage, and had passed the batteries. Captain Faulkenor, seeing the Asia incapable of doing her duty from the distance she was at, repassed the batteries of the carenage; and, on his men desiring to return the fire, he refused, saying, "he would not do them the *honor* to fire a shot at them;" reserving the fire both of his men and guns for the fort, of which he so gloriously took possession. EDITOR.

box, which defended him. Still he persisted, and in spite of all the efforts of the enemy, laid his ship close to the fort; into which he himself leaped, followed by his men. The boldness of the action gave the enemy no time to deliberate. Involved in their own smoke, they concluded the whole British fleet was following; and deserting their works, left them in the possession of the captain, and crew of a sloop of 18 guns.—The boats immediately pushed on six hundred men on one side, under the direction of Commodore Thompson; and seven hundred, on the other, in thirty boats, and gun-boats, under Commodore Rogers. They immediately landed, and with little resistance took possession of a fortress, already dismantled, and almost ruined. What was done, was entirely done with pikes, and bayonets.

The whole history of war scarcely furnishes a greater instance of intrepidity, than the action just commemorated, of Captain Faulkenor. But though it was the subject of almost universal applause; yet it appears to have been rather an action of ferocity, than of legitimate valour. No man of temperate courage would run the risk of a ship, and

of so many lives (at whatever value he might rate his own) with which he was entrusted, when there was not the least apparent chance of success; nor the least probability of being of any service. He attempted to atchieve with eighteen guns, what the force of eighty was only thought equal to. When the Asia left him therefore, he ought certainly in prudence to have waited, till some other ship of equal force, was sent to assist him. By a concurrence however of fortunate circumstances he succeeded. But they were such circumstances, as no man could prudently build upon. Success is no criterion of prudence.

——————————————— Errat,
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.

When Alexander leaped down alone into an enemy's town, his courtiers praised the action as a miracle of valour. But among wiser people such actions got him the name of *Macedonia's madman.* When a man is engaged *against his will* in difficult circumstances, let him defend himself, if he can, by a prodigy. Or when the success of some great event depends upon some single action, there a prudent

man would risk the chances. But here was nothing of that necessity. If Capt. Faulkenor had waited for a reinforcement, it would most probably have thrown no favourable circumstances into the hands of the enemy. Or if his proceeding was absolutely necessary to the success of the other parts of the armament, still a degree of rashness might have been warranted. But that does not appear to have been the case: if it had, this censure must be withdrawn.

That part of the attack, in which Captain Rogers was engaged, was attended nearly by the same danger, as that of Captain Faulkenor. A long range of coast, which he was to pass with his boats, was open to the guns of Fort-Bourbon, which pointed down upon them from an eminence, and might probably have sunk many of them. But whatever the danger was, as it was a service he was ordered upon by his commanding officer, and necessary to the success of the enterprize, no rashness could be imputed to him. It happened however that not a gun was fired: and Fort-Bourbon surrendered very soon after the reduction of Fort-Royal; which put the whole island of Martinico into the possession of the English.—Just

before the colours of Fort-Bourbon were struck, the admiral made Mr. Thomas Rogers a captain, both on the account of his own merit, and to gratify his brother, whom he took a delight in obliging. By being made a captain, before the colours were struck, he was intitled to receive prize-money with the gentlemen of that rank.

The active spirit of the British commanders allowed very little respite between one action, and another. Within less than a week after the reduction of Martinico, an expedition was undertaken against St. Lucia. Prince Edward, who had behaved with great gallantry, and propriety during the whole time of his being with the army in the West-Indies, had the nominal command of the expedition: and the admiral giving him the choice of any ship he wished to sail in, he chose the Quebec. Accordingly in honour of him, when the fleet made the island, the Quebec led into the bay, where a landing was intended. As soon as the boats were ready, the prince, and his brigade embarked on board them, and got on shore without any opposition. Captain Rogers, in compliment, thought it proper to attend the prince, till he saw him safely landed; and then re-

turned again to his ship. The generals Grey, and Dundas landed immediately after.

At the head of the bay, where the army landed, stands Fort-Morne, in which the strength of the island consisted. Its redoubts, and outworks appeared stretching a considerable way on each side.

As soon as the troops were securely posted, and had gotten every thing in readiness to proceed to action, the frigates were ordered to move up the bay to cover the attack. But in this service they were exceedingly annoyed by the fire of a redoubt, from which the Quebec in particular suffered considerably, though no men were killed. Captain Rogers thought he could not prudently have kept his ships longer in that station, if he had not observed General Grey with his grenadiers, and light infantry marching along the shore to attack the redoubt. Their march was so rapid, that they immediately stormed it, and put about thirty of the enemy to the sword.

This little difficulty being removed, preparations were made to attack Fort-Morne in form. It was first summoned by General Dundas, who conducted the attack. The answer was evasive, and did not check the

general's preparations. At the same time Captain Rogers had orders to join the general with the crews of the Vengeance, and Irresistable. He had taken notice, or had been informed, that the fort was strongly picketted round, and therefore had the foresight to add to his seamen a body of carpenters, with their broad axes, to cut an easy way for the troops to enter.

All things were now in readiness; and many of Captain Rogers's people already in their boats, when a flag of truce came from the French governor, to inform General Dundas, that he had been deserted by a part of his garrison, and was ready to treat for the fort. Terms accordingly were offered, and accepted, and the island of St. Lucia was taken without the loss of a single man.

One unfortunate gentleman indeed was killed, Lieutenant Ogle of the Boyne. He had been sent by the admiral, on board the Quebec, with a message to Captain Rogers; and from him he was to go on shore, in continuance of his orders. The evening was late, when he landed; and in his way he had to pass some British posts. The guard challenged him: but whether he did not hear

them give the challenge; or they did not hear him return it (though it was said, he made no answer) they fired upon him, and killed him on the spot.

The conquest of St. Lucia being thus easily atchieved, the admiral, and general immediately turned their thoughts upon Guadaloupe. But they wished first to take possession of four little islands, called the Saints, which lye about two leagues from Guadaloupe; and were of great use to the enemy in sheltering privateers, and other little skulking vessels. The safe anchorage too, which they afford, the admiral thought, would be of great use to him in securing his ships. Two of these islands were fortified. The ground, on which the forts stood, on both islands, was very high—at least half a mile from the level of the sea; and a mere sheep-path led to them. The forts therefore, though not large, commanded the country all round, and were not easy of access. All these things being considered, it required some force, and some conduct to reduce them. Captain Rogers was of course the first man the admiral thought of to execute this business. But he was unfortunately then ill of a bilious complaint; and did not go abroad. The admiral

however went on board the Quebec to consult him on the subject.

The idea of a military expedition always gave new spirits to Captain Rogers. Besides, he was unwilling, that any other person should be employed in a service, which the Admiral had first intended for him. He made light of his illness therefore, which he said was going off; and he did not doubt but he should be well the next day. In short, he determined to undertake the expedition.

The affair therefore being thus settled, the Admiral desired him to take what force he chose. At his own request therefore the Blanch, commanded by his friend, Captain Faulkenor, who had been removed into that frigate from the Zebra sloop—the Rose, commanded by Captain Scot, another of his particular friends—the Ceres, and two or three other little vessels, were ordered to attend him. As there was little prospect of succeeding in the day, without greater force, Captain Rogers determined to make the attack by night. He communicated his design therefore to his friend Captain Faulkenor, who was to attack one island, while he attacked the other. Isle de Cabrit was the island, which he pro-

posed himself to attempt. About midnight therefore he landed quietly in a cove, at the head of two hundred men; and mounted, with as much silence as possible, the track, which led to the fort. When he got to it, he was challenged by the guard: but having taken a French guide with them, and answering in french, he held the men upon guard a moment in suspence. A moment was all he wanted. He rushed instantly over the rampart, which was not high, and threw the garrison into such confusion by so sudden an irruption, that they all leaped down on the other side of the wall, and ran down the hill, leaving Captain Rogers, and his men in possession of the fort, without a single person to oppose them. They found in it four twenty-four pounders—two mortars—and two field-pieces. The guns were all charged, and primed, and matches burning by them, as if they had expected an attack. While Captain Rogers was thus successful on Isle de Cabrit, his friend Captain Faulkenor was as successful on the island, which he attacked. These gallant actions were performed in the night of the 8th of april 1794: and Captain Rogers settled every thing in both islands so

expeditiously, that he was able to join the Admiral in two days, as he lay at anchor with his fleet off Guadaloupe at point St. Pierre,

The island of Guadaloupe consists properly of two islands, separated by a narrow strait. One of these parts, which verges towards the North-east, is composed of high grounds, and is known by the name of Grand-terre. The other part, verging towards the South-west, consists of lower land, and is called Basse-terre. The best harbour, or anchorage, is at the point of union, called St. Pierre, on the eastern side, between the two islands. The chief forts too of Guadaloupe, Fleur d'Eppee, and Fort Lewis, are both situated near this point of union.

The scenery of the island, as the fleet lay before it at point St. Pierre, is described as very enchanting. The inequalities of the ground—the vallies that appeared winding among the hills—the luxuriance of the woods —the richness of the lawns, abounding with cattle—and a setting sun, beaming from the heights of Grand-terre, and resting on a variety of objects, particularly on the fort of Fleur d'Eppee, which stands on a lofty

situation, made altogether a more delightful landscape than any of the spectators had ever seen before. It appeared to be the habitation of peace and happiness.—It was a melancholy reflection, that the next morning was to fill it with desolation, and bloodshed.

The next morning was the 12th of april, once rendered famous in the naval history of Britain. Before day-light the troops landed under General Dundas, with the seamen under Captain Rogers. Their disposition having been previously regulated, they instantly formed, and rushed to the attack with such impetuosity, that all was presently over. The troops meeting with no check, sufficient to retard them, entered the place by storm—made themselves complete masters of it, and before their impetuosity could be restrained, had put one hundred and fifty of the garrison to the sword.

The reduction of this fort was the reduction of the whole Northern part of the island. Fort Lewis, and its appendages surrendered —the town of St. Pierre made no defence—and the ships entered the harbour, where they found sixty vessels of various denominations.

The affairs of Grand-terre being settled in three or four days, Prince Edward, who had a few weeks before come from Canada, to attend the campaign in the West Indies, and Captain Rogers were detached from the town of St. Pierre to march through the southern part of the island to the town of Basse-terre. A rugged march was the only difficulty they met with: for on their approach, a fort which defended the town of Basse-terre immediately surrendered: so that both the divisions of Guadaloupe were now intirely possessed.

Soon after the troops under the Prince, and Captain Rogers had marched back, the Admiral received intelligence, that a body of pirates, and free-booters had landed at Basse-terre—and after they had plundered it, and set it on fire, had loaded their vessel with the spoil, and were gone off. Immediately on this intelligence, he sent Captain Rogers, with three light ships in quest of them. It was supposed they were gone to the island of St. Thomas. But they had secreted themselves so effectually, that Captain Rogers, after running the maze of all that cluster of islands, in the neighbourhood of St. Thomas, could hear nothing of them.

On his joining the fleet, the Admiral, who took a pleasure in finding employment for his active spirit, had planned a very flattering expedition for him. It was against the Dutch settlement of Cayenne, which lies on the main land of South America, between the two great rivers of Oronoko, and La Plata. He was to have under his command four ships of forty-four guns—the Woolwich—the Experiment—the Assurance,—and the Roebuck—three of thirty-two guns—his own ship the Quebec—the Alarm—and the Ceres—two of twenty-eight guns—the Rose, and the Resource—with three of sixteen guns each, and four gun-boats, with tenders, and smaller vessels. Colonel Meyers, and Colonel Lennox were to command the land-forces, which were to consist of a thousand men. This was a greater command, than had ever before been intrusted to Captain Rogers. Indeed it was a greater command than had often been intrusted to so young an officer. The Admiral however well knew whom he employed.

But while Commodore Rogers, having now hoisted his broad pennant, was getting his ships ready for the expedition; and the troops were preparing all things necessary for the

mode of attack they expected; the yellow fever was beginning to make dreadful havoc among them. It had frequently appeared —in some places very fatally—and had again subsided. It now broke out again in one of its periodical attacks, both in the army, and navy. The officers and men were sickening, and dying by hundreds: hardly five in ten recovered. In some places, where the contagion was more active, the proportion was less. The navy suffered much: the army more. The sea-air in some degree purified the ships. But the army, often subject to unwholesome dews, felt the malady more severely. "We have gained, says Captain "Rogers, one of the most valuable islands "in the West Indies: but we can now do no "more. It will take every man in the army "to garrison our conquests, sickness makes "such ravages amongst us. Indeed we are "capable of no farther exertion. We are "literally worn down."

These distresses put an intire stop to the Cayenne expedition. A land-force sufficient to co-operate with the navy could not be spared.

The Admiral however would not suffer Captain Rogers to strike his broad pennant. He had been informed that French frigates, and privateers were greatly distressing the British trade in the North American seas. He ordered him therefore, with half a dozen frigates under his command—the Quebec—the Beaulieu—the Blanch—the Alarm—the Terpsichore—and the Ceres—to scour the American seas—to protect the English—to annoy the French—and to cover the island of Bermudas in case the Americans declared war against the English, which it was thought the French party would oblige them to do.

The Admiral had a little before offered him the command of the Veteran, a ship of the line: but he had declined it. "The ease," says he, "one has a chance of enjoying in "a ship of the line, would not be disagree-"able: but it militates against the resolutions "I have made of putting myself in fortune's "way, for the sake of my wife, and children."

It is probable the Admiral made him the offer of a ship of the line, more out of compliment, than either from a wish, or an expectation, that he would accept it; as such a command would have disqualified him, in

a great degree, for these hasty expeditions, for which he was so well qualified.

Just before he set sail for America, he had a message from the Admiral, that his nephew who was a Lieutenant on board the Boyne, was seized with the yellow fever. On the Admiral's account therefore, as well as to be of all the service he could to his nephew, he sent for him on board the Quebec; and laid him in his own cabin. On the 8th of may 1794 he died. Soon after Mr. James Rogers, younger brother to the Captain, and first Lieutenant of the Quebec, was seized with the same disorder, and died within less than a week of his nephew. He was a young man of great expectation, and growing up into that kind of character, which his elder brother had so nobly maintained. Captain Rogers with too little apprehension for himself, had attended his brother, and nephew; and thought his own escaping the infection could be owing to nothing, but to his having been reduced by fatigue to a state of debility. He had brought up these two young men himself—had obtained promotion for them, and would have pushed their fortunes still farther,

if they had lived.* Their death affected him greatly, as we may suppose it would affect a person of his keen sensibility. "Thus, "(says he) are my fond hopes blasted, and "the harvest of all my labours, and dangers, "in part taken from me. I have often smiled "at the idea, which was ever before me, that "I should bring the whole of my little flock "home with me; and that our meeting would "not be allayed by the remembrance of our "losses."

He was just on the point of sailing with his little squadron, when these melancholy events took place. On no account would he ever suffer public affairs to give way to private; and with a heavy heart immediately set sail. It was unfortunate, that he had no active pursuit at this time, that might have engaged his mind, and thrown it into another channel. The tedious sameness of a voyage left his melancholy thoughts at leisure to prey upon

* Besides these two young men, he carried another brother, elder than either of them to sea, Mr. Thomas Rogers, who was made a master and commander by Sir John Jervis, as mentioned in page 109. He is now a Captain in the Royal Navy; and is the only one now left of these four gallant seamen.

themselves. He indulged himself in silence, and sequestration. It was at least a month before he could bear to go into his cabin, where he had seen his brother, and nephew expire. He had his bed carried into his barge upon deck; and covering it with a tarpawlin, he not only slept, but eat there, during most of his voyage to America.—He had the pleasure however to find, that the crews of his ships recovered their health more, and more, the farther he got into northern latitudes.

In this voyage he narrowly escaped being killed, as he was keeping watch on the quarter-deck, one stormy day. In cases of danger he never trusted the ship to any officer, but always took the care of her himself. He was standing under the mizen-yards, with his trumpet in his hand, giving orders to the men, when one of the ropes, which secured a block, gave way, and the block, which was a double one, fell down upon his head. He dropped senseless on the deck; and all around thought him killed; as he certainly would have been, if the block had fallen plump upon him. But it fortunately struck his head aslant; and the surgeon, on examining the wound, was happy

to find he had received no material injury. It was some time however, before he came to himself, and recovered from the violence of the shock he had received.

But though Commodore Rogers's squadron was to consist of six frigates, he sailed only with two: the rest were to join him from different parts. Of these, one found its way speedily to him. But of the other three, two had been much damaged, and were obliged to refit at Halifax: and the last, which was the Rose, was unfortunately lost. She was commanded by one of the Commodore's particular friends, Captain Scot, who having property in Jamaica, had leave to look after it, before he joined. There unhappily, in a gale of wind, he was driven upon the coast, and wrecked.

Thus Mr. Rogers, deprived of his strength, was able to do little. He captured a few ships, and two or three privateers, and by cruizing along the coasts, kept them pretty clear of that sort of petty hostility. But as the French had a much more considerable force in the American seas, than he had; he was obliged to act with great caution. One of the principal points he had in view, was to

lie in wait for a large convoy of provision-ships, which he heard were ready to sail for old France. But it was so well guarded, that he thought it imprudent to attack them. If he had had all his squadron with him, though then somewhat inferior, he said, he should certainly have made the attempt.

While he was cruizing in these seas, he met with an account of the unhappy reverse of fortune which had taken place in the West Indies; the recapture of Guadaloupe by the French. The following is a letter he wrote on the subject; which gives, I believe, in most particulars, a just account of the affair, and of the state of the army, and navy.

"*Quebec, (at sea),*
July 2, 1794.

"———————— Having chaced a ship all night, I came up with her a little after day-light; and found her to be the Doncaster, a naval transport, Robert Scotland master. She was a cartel, bound from Guadaloupe with French prisoners to St. Maloes. Three days, before they fell in with us, the prisoners had taken the ship from the master, and were steering for New York. From the master

of the ship I learned the following unpleasant particulars. On the third of June a French squadron arrived in Point Petre-bay in Guadaloupe, consisting of two sail of the line—two fifty gun ships—and four frigates, having on board fifteen hundred troops. They attempted a landing the same night; but were beaten off. They succeeded however the next morning; and proceeded to the storm of Fort Fleur d'Eppee; which they carried, putting every one to the sword, except two soldiers, who escaped to Basse-terre; not even sparing the wives, and children of the soldiers. They soon after got possession of Fort Lewis—the town of Point Petre; and in short, of the whole of Grand-terre; about forty soldiers only escaping to Basse-terre. They then declared freedom to all the slaves.

"The Admiral, and General had left Guadaloupe a few days before, with an intention of proceeding to England; but fortunately stopped at Antigua, where an express overtook them with the above particulars. They instantly returned, bringing with them a ship of the line, which I suppose to be the Veteran, and four frigates. An express also was sent to Admiral Thompson, at Martinico; who,

with the Vengeance, Vanguard, and six frigates, formed a junction with Sir John Jervis, on the 7th, off the town of Basse-terre. After landing Sir Charles Grey, they proceeded immediately to attack the French squadron; which they could not do, before the 9th or 10th, as they had to beat a considerable way to windward, before they could lead into Point Petre-bay.—God grant them success! for if they miscarry, there is no saying what the consequences may be. If they are successful, I trust it will intirely secure the French islands to our interest: for every white inhabitant will be on our side, to prevent the horrid intention of the French despots, to give freedom to the slaves. I know nothing so pregnant with calamity both to the whites, and negroes.

"I farther learn, that the fever still makes dreadful ravages in the army. Alas! General Dundas is dead—one of my very best friends. A better soldier, or a kinder husband, and father, the world never produced. The season of course grows more and more sickly. I hear the Boyne has buried two hundred men, since the capture of Guadaloupe.

"I am hastening to Halifax to collect my squadron to be ready to obey any orders I may receive. I shall not close my letter, till my arrival there. The ships, the Admiral will have with him I conjecture to be the Boyne 98—the Vanguard 74—the Vengeance 74—the Veteran 64—the Assurance 44—the Winchelsea 32—the Solebay 32—the Resource 28—with two or three smaller ships. I am almost certain I shall meet an express from Sir John, on my arrival at Halifax, ordering me to join him without a moment's loss of time."

"*Off Louisburgh, July* 8.

"By a westerly gale, and a strong current, we have been set thus far to the eastward of Halifax: and I am now struggling against a West wind to reach that port. I have this morning spoke a sloop, which has been four days from Halifax. She says, that a schooner arrived there express from the West Indies. She brings an account of the arrival of the French fleet there. I conclude therefore she was dispatched to order my squadron back immediately. Most unwelcome news, if it be true! I am, &c."

This unwelcome news however proved *true*. The express, as he expected, brought him orders to return. His commission did not expire till december: but he was recalled on the 25th of september, and joined the Admiral before the end of october.—In a letter, dated at sea, on the 8th of that month, in his passage to Martinico, he says, "We "are now in what the seamen call the *storm* "*latitudes*, the wind varying every moment: "and I do not expect, at this season of the "year, to get hold of the north-east trade "winds, till I pass the tropic: after which "six or seven days will carry us to Martinico, "where I hope I shall find our preparations "in great forwardness to attack Grande-"terre. I trust we shall escape a hurri-"cane. We had a full moon yesterday; "and it is seldom, if ever, that a hurricane "takes place after that circumstance in octo-"ber. After this month I hope the sickness "in the West Indies will abate; and that we "shall have a reprieve at any rate, for a few "months. I hear the Captains Salisbury, "and Parker are both dead: and I fear on "our arrival, we shall find too many added "to the melancholy list. My people at

" present are healthy; and indeed it is my " constant study to keep them so."

On his arrival at Martinico Captain Rogers had the mortification to find, that all attempts to recover Guadaloupe had been frustrated. The greatest effort had been made by General Symes: but it ended in misfortune. The General had trusted too much to the intelligence he had received; and, in a night-attack, had been betrayed; and had lost, what could, in that time of extremity, ill be spared, the greater part of his detachment. Wounded, and chagrined, he retired to his tent. His wound was not thought mortal: but the keen sensibility he felt from the fatal consequences of his well-meant temerity, threw his mind into a state, which no medicine could reach; and put an end to a life, which had been respected by all who knew him. With this miscarriage ended all hopes, for the present, of recovering Guadaloupe.

Captain Rogers, at this time heard also of the inhumanity, with which the French treated the remains of his friend General Dundas, who was buried in that island. " Would you think " it possible," says he in a letter, " that they " have dug up the ashes of the brave, and

" truly amiable General Dundas, and scat-
" tered them over the face of the earth,
" saying, in their language, that the ashes of
" so conspicuous a slave should not adulterate
" the soil of liberty. Surely in General Dun-
" das there was every thing to create esteem
" even in an enemy. He possessed the attri-
" butes of gallantry, humanity, and every
" ornamental virtue. He could not have
" an enemy among the virtuous part of man-
" kind."

As Guadaloupe was taken, Captain Rogers could now be of no farther service, than in cruizing about the islands, and taking all ships, that were bringing stores, and ammunition to the French. In these expeditions his friend Captain Faulkenor of the Blanch was also employed.

These active officers were probably very troublesome to the garrisons in Guadaloupe; and a frigate was fitted out of superior force to either of them, with an intention to take one, or other of them, as she happened to find them. This frigate was called Le Pique.

A challenge of this kind was not likely to be heard with inattention by either of these

spirited commanders. Captain Rogers heard first of it; and immediately stood into Point a Petre-bay, where the Le Pique lay at anchor; and ran up so far, that the guns of the fort fired upon him. The Le Pique heaved her anchor, and bent her topsails, as if she intended to accept the challenge. But for some reason she retired; probably waiting for a longer day, as it was then drawing towards evening. In the morning she came out; but that night the Blanch happened to join the Quebec: and when the Le Pique saw the two ships together, she retired again. Captain Rogers however not being able to stay longer from his station, went off. Indeed he considered the motions of the French ship intirely as a gasconade. The next morning however she did come out, and went in quest of the Blanch, whom she readily found. A very severe engagement ensued, in which the Blanch lost her main, and mizen masts; and the Le Pique was intirely dismasted; her bowsprit only was left. By this time the two ships had edged so near each other, that the bowsprit of the Le Pique was on board the Blanch. Of this Captain Faulkenor taking the advantage, lashed it to his own mast;

shewing the Frenchman, that he was determined one or the other should yield—that there should be no sheering off. The action now therefore became very desperate; having lasted on the whole, upwards of two hours. Very early Captain Faulkenor had received a wound in the arm, to which he paid no attention; but stood, with his elbow bent, to stop the blood, giving his orders with great coolness. But towards the close of the engagement, he received first one ball, and then another, in the body, which laid him dead upon the deck. It was thought, he had been particularly aimed at with a rifled musket. About this time, the French ship had swung round, and got into such a position, as to rake the Blanch *fore* and *aft*, as the seamen phrase it. On observing this Mr. Watkins, the first Lieutenant, ordered the lashing to be cut loose, and continued the fight with all the gallantry of his late Captain. At length however the Le Pique was so totally disabled, that she struck her colours. But how to take possession of her was the difficulty: for the deck of the Blanch was so covered with the ruins of her masts, and sails, that it was impossible to get out the boat. Mr. Miln therefore, the

second Lieutenant, calling together a few of the men who could swim, leaped into the sea with them, and swam to the enemy. When they got on board, they found the Le Pique in a dreadful condition. Her deck was covered with carnage. About seventy men were killed, and above an hundred wounded. The Blanch had only eight killed, and twenty-eight wounded. The force of the two ships was very unequal. The Le Pique had 36 guns, and four hundred and sixty men: the Blanch had only 32 guns, and not two hundred men. The body of Captain Faulkenor was buried with all funeral honours in the island of Saints, which he had conquered, in company with Captain Rogers: and his two first Lieutenants, who had signalized themselves so much after his death, were both made Captains.——Captain Rogers seems rather to have regretted that the chance of meeting the French frigate had not fallen on him; as his ship, he thought, was in a better condition to receive her. "Had it been our good "fortune," says he, "to have met her, instead "of the Blanch, I have no doubt, but the event "would have proved equally successful; for

" the Quebec was much better manned, than " the Blanch was at the time of the action."

He had the satisfaction however to do as useful a piece of service soon afterwards. A large French ship laden with ammunition and stores for Guadaloupe, being afraid of the English cruizers, had slunk into Deseada-bay, where she lay under the batteries of St. Anne's fort, ready to watch an opportunity of escape. Captain Rogers without any regard to the batteries, ran into the bay, accompanied by the Beaulieu frigate, with a design to cut her out: but finding that was impossible, they set her on fire.

The last expedition, in which he was engaged under Sir John Jervis, was, to secure the island of Tortola against the attempts of some French privateers. The service was not very considerable, and he presently performed it; and then carried his ship, which had been long at sea, into Port-Royal harbour in Martinico, to get his rigging refitted, which was in very bad repair.

Sir John Jervis had now left the West-Indies, and was succeeded by Admiral Caldwell; from whom Captain Rogers obtained leave to return to England. His health in-

deed required it. "I am sure," says he, "it "is impossible for me to exist in the West-"Indies, and I will not attempt it. The "melancholy reflection on our late misfor-"tunes it is impossible for me to shake off."

In another letter he says, "I have just had "a violent bilious attack, which has torn me "to pieces: and I had the additional misfor-"tune, to be left in so costive a habit, that "my life was in danger for several days. I "thank God, I am now recovering from the "effects of both disorders; and my prayers "are offered up to the Almighty."

As soon as he had obtained leave of Admiral Caldwell to return home for the recovery of his health, one of his first thoughts was to gratify his crew. He went out therefore upon the quarter-deck, and calling them all together, "My lads (said he) I have the pleasant news "to tell you, that the admiral has given us all "leave to go home. The packet is just "going to sail, and I thought you would all "be glad to tell your mothers, wives, and "sweet-hearts the happy news. But as paper "is not so easy to be had here, as in England, "I have brought some out. Here, each of "you who wishes to write, take a sheet; and

" bring me your letters, and I will take care " of them." " Thank your honour—thank " your honour," resounded from a hundred mouths; and Captain Rogers did more with such little attentions as these in securing the love of his crew, than if he had conferred on each of them a much more important boon. Such little acts of kindness seem to arise from affection. Acts of more consequence seem to come more under the head of duties.

But though his health was in a very declining condition, he thought it necessary, before he returned to England, to settle a very disagreeable affair, which he had upon his hands, with regard to some prizes, which he had taken.

It hath been mentioned *, that before Sir John Jervis sailed from Barbadoes to the attack of Martinico, he sent out his frigates to scour those seas, and take all the vessels, that were carrying provisions, or stores of any kind to the French islands. Many of them were taken; and Captain Rogers having been very successful, had captured nine himself. And when he brought them into Barbadoes, he estimated, that his own share in these prizes

* See page 97.

would amount to ten thousand pounds. They were not however yet condemned. The legality of these captures had been now examined at St. Vincent's. Most of them were American ships: and how far justice, or how far the ascendency of the American merchants prevailed, was uncertain. The event however was, that out of his nine prizes Captain Rogers was allowed only three. So that when he had paid all his law-expenses, which amounted to upwards of three thousand pounds, he found himself very little in pocket. He bore the loss however, as he did every other misfortune (except the death of his brother and nephew) with a magnanimity, which was above complaint. Other people however thought it hard, that he should have been ordered to take these ships, which were all loaden with stores, or provisions, and yet should not have been supported in his claim, or at least indemnified by government, for the expences, he had incurred. He went however to St. Vincent's to settle all this troublesome business, and to see what he had lost, and what he had left.

He had scarce anchored in the bay—and was dressing himself to go on shore, when he received an express from the government of

Grenada, informing him, that the French had landed—that great bodies of the negroes were in rebellion—that the whole island was in confusion—and they begged his assistance as speedily as possible.

His health—his business—every thing of private concern immediately gave way: he instantly weighed anchor, and set sail for Grenada, where he arrived on the 6th of March, 1795, and was received by the terrified inhabitants, as a guardian angel.

He now heard the true situation of the Island. Ever since the French had been in possession of Guadaloupe, they had been exciting insurrections in the British islands, by sending secret emissaries among the slaves, with a promise of freedom. They had too much success. In Grenada especially the insurrection was almost general. The insurgents had possessed themselves of the whole island, except Goyave, and St. George's. Their principal strong hold was on a high hill in the middle of the island, which they had strengthened with cannon, and what works they could raise. They had other smaller posts in different parts: and under the cover of these several strong holds, they plundered, and

burnt the country in the neighbourhood of each.

As it was supposed the insurgents were endeavouring to get possession of the post at Goyave, Captain Rogers thought it was his first business to secure every thing there. This fort stands on the west side of Grenada, a few leagues to the north of St. George's. He embarked therefore a body of the militia of the country on board the Quebec; with whom, and sixty of his own seamen he landed at Goyave. He found he was in time to save the place; but that the insurgents had taken possession of a strong post in its neighbourhood. This post he was desirous to attack, and thought himself strong enough to carry it. But on making the attempt, he found, he could not depend on the militia, and was obliged to retreat. He satisfied himself therefore with strengthening the post at Goyave; which, being open to the sea, he hoped was too strong for the insurgents to surprize.

While he was engaged in this work at Goyave, where he had not been above two or three days, he received a hasty express from the president, and council at St. George's, begging him to return to them with the utmost

expedition. The insurgents, it seems, having been disappointed at Goyave, bent their force now upon St. George's, and sent the president a threatening message, that if he did not give up the fort in three days, they would put the whole town to the sword. Captain Rogers therefore immediately sailed back to St. George's, and infused new spirit into the president, and council; who were so impressed with his decisive judgment, and spirited conduct, that every thing was committed to him. No step was taken without his direction.

Having desired them to lay an immediate embargo on all the shipping of the island, his first concern was to examine Hospital-hill, and put it in a state of defence. Hospital-hill is a lofty eminence, which hangs over St. George's. There had been something of a fort there before; but it was a very poor one, and Captain Rogers thought the place very assailable. He wished therefore immediately to strengthen it as much as possible. If the insurgents should get possession of it, they would have a full command of the town, which they might destroy at pleasure; and it would be a very difficult matter to dispossess them. He immediately therefore set about

throwing up some works, and defending it with cannon; which he found it difficult to procure in sufficient quantity for the several objects he had in view, as the insurgents had carried off all, they could lay their hands on. His own ship he durst not dismantle, as there were several French frigates in those seas.

It happened that he had some cannon of his own. On the surrender of Martinico, Sir Charles Grey, who had always shewn him a very particular friendship, had presented him, as a testimony of it with four elegant pieces of brass cannon, which had been taken from the enemy. They were field-pieces; and two of them being very light, were carried with little trouble, wherever he chose to march. These cannon, with some others, he sent to Hospital-hill, which he soon put into a posture of defence. As it had a commanding situation, it overlooked all the environs of the town, and kept it free from the incursions of the enemy. At night however it often exhibited a dreadful spectacle; when the Indians in wild fury ran about the country, in different bodies, brandishing their torches, destroying one plantation after another; and lighting up the whole country in a blaze. Ten or twelve fires have been sometimes

counted from Hospital-hill at once. The town of St. George however was kept perfectly free from insult. If a body of the enemy ever appeared marching towards it in any direction, a party was sent out to intercept, or drive them back.

When the defence of Goyave, and St. George's was provided for, Captain Rogers began by degrees to straiten the enemy in other parts by attacking their posts. Once, in an expedition of this kind, he got into a little difficulty.

A body of the enemy having taken possession of an advantageous post, he marched with a party to dislodge them. About half way he halted his men, under the shelter of a lofty rock to take refreshment. As they were eating their meal, a few skulking fellows crept subtilly to the top of the rock, and fired down perpendicularly upon them. Two of the men were slightly wounded. But Captain Rogers, having one of his small field-pieces with him, raised it on a little eminence, and soon sent off the enemy with a discharge of grape-shot. He then pursued his design, and secured the post he went in quest of. The balls, which had been fired from the eminence, had been directed so perpendicularly, and struck so hard

a surface of rock, that they were flattened like cakes.

By this time, a general officer arrived on the island, with a few regular troops, and took the military part of the command. But his command was only of a very short duration, and ended in a melancholy manner. His servant had just left him, when, on the report of a pistol, he returned, and found his master fallen by his own hand. He had contrived also to place his sword in such a position, that when he fell, he was received upon its point. This rash deed was never accounted for. Whether he disliked the service—or disliked the people—or met with some disappointment —or despaired of success, was matter only of conjecture. The islanders were however certainly not sorry, that the whole command devolved again upon Captain Rogers. They wished for no other defender.

He had likewise, at this time, two frigates under his command. These he ordered to cruize round the island, to prevent any succours being sent to the insurgents from Guadaloupe; while the Quebec lay as a guardship before St. George's. It was singular, that one of these frigates, the Roebuck, which

he now, a second time, had under his command, was the ship, which belonged formerly to his friend, and patron, Sir Andrew Hammond; under whom he had spent many happy days, and had learned his first naval knowledge. The other frigate was the Resource of 28 guns, commanded by the brave Captain Watkins, who continued the engagement so gallantly, when first lieutenant of the Blanch, after the death of Captain Faulkenor.

While these two frigates were cruizing round the island, and guarding it against all foreign invasion, Captain Rogers, who was always on shore, and acted now both as general, and admiral, was taking every salutary method to provide for its internal defence. His eye was in all parts; and he had a resource ready for every unfavourable circumstance, that arose. Every part, where he thought the enemy could make an impression, he secured by some post of advantage.

Among other measures, he ordered several small vessels to be cut down, and formed into gun-boats. With these he proposed to run up into shallow creeks, where the insurgents had posts, and where the frigates could not attack them.

Captain Rogers had now been about two months in the island; in which time he had given the insurgents so many checks; and had opposed all their attempts in so judicious, and spirited a manner, that they were every where afraid of him, and began to despair of their cause—while the spirits of the islanders were raised in proportion on the hopes they now conceived of seeing an end of these cruel devastations.

I have dwelt the longer on the affairs of Grenada, not because Captain Rogers's actions were more gallant there, than elsewhere: but because this was the only scene, in which his genius had its full scope. In none of the other great actions, in which he was engaged, he had the entire command. But here the whole was intrusted to him; and was throughout carried on with that decisive judgment—that gallantry—that mind unsubdued by difficulties —and disinterestedness on his own account, and care for the public—which shewed him equal to any command, that could be committed to him—and left his country to lament the death of an officer, which soon followed, who was so well fitted to defend her cause in the hour of danger.

The yellow fever was at this time lurking about the island; but was less fatal, than it had been. Among others who were seized with it, was an officer of Capt. Rogers's acquaintance, whom he too imprudently visited; and it was supposed took the infection from him. As he left his sick friend, he went to the shore, with an intention to go on board his ship. While the boat was coming for him, the weather being hot, he threw off his cloaths, and bathed. How far that might strengthen the infection, may be matter of doubt. When he got on board, he felt himself cold, and unwell. He went on shore however the next day. But at the president's house, where he always lived, it was soon seen, that his indisposition was a disease. What it was, could not so easily be ascertained. But the worst was feared in that sickly season; and during the prevalence of that fatal malady. Every assistance however that could be had, was given him. He complained of heat, as St. George's is a close town, and lies low: and was earnest to be carried on board his ship, where he thought the sea-air would refresh him. But it was suggested to him, that as the Quebec, at that time, from a leak in her bottom, made a foot

of water an hour, which kept the chain-pumps continually working, the noise of them would greatly disturb him. The president therefore proposed his going to the governor's house, which was then unoccupied; and standing out of the town, was airy, as well as convenient. Captain Rogers however persisted in going to his ship, to which with some difficulty he was conveyed. It was soon however beyond a doubt, that his disorder was the yellow fever.

This terrible malady showed itself, in different constitutions in different ways. Some were putrified all over immediately, and died in twelve hours. On others it hung a week, or longer. The head was first seized with acute pains, which deprived the patient commonly of his senses. The force of the disorder fell generally next upon the bowels, through which the whole substance of the body seemed to flow in a constant discharge of nauseous, and fœtid matter. In the mean time, the face was blotched over, and many parts of the body, with blue, green, and yellow spots; from the last of which, as most predominant, the malady took its name.

Captain Rogers had now lien ill from the tuesday, on which he was seized, till the saturday following: and the physicians were of opinion, that if he had lived over that day, he might have recovered. But the last symptoms of death came on—tremor—convulsive spasms—and a deadly coldness, which seized his extremities. Through the whole of his disorder, though he had generally been delirious, he was sensible at intervals. Just before his death, being perfectly himself, he sent out of the cabin two of his petty officers, who were sitting by him, and calling his steward,* "William," said he, "I have something "to say to you." But his voice failing, he added, "I am too far gone—I cannot say it" —and immediately expired.

When it was known among the crew, that their Captain was dead (for sailors do not readily conceive a thing, till it really happen) a melancholy silence reigned through the whole ship. He was beloved as a father among them, and every one remembered some kind-

* Mr. William Aldridge of Lymington, who was with Captain Rogers all the time he was in the West Indies, and who gave me these particulars of his death, and many of the circumstances of his life.

ness he had received from him. And when they recollected that lively, active spirit, which they had followed with confidence and success through so many dangers; and saw nothing now remaining, but a lifeless corpse, the contrast overpowered them; and many an eye, which had never shed a tear before, was softened into tenderness.

The body was immediately put into a coffin, and buried, as privately as possible, in St. George's church-yard. Glad would the gentlemen of the island have been to have buried his corpse with military honours, and every public mark of respect. But in their present unsettled condition, they wished to conceal his death, as much as possible from the insurgents, who conceived him to be their great adversary; and would have taken new courage at his death. In fact therefore the most private funeral was to him the most honourable mode of interment.—He died at the age of forty, on the 24th day of April, 1795.

Thus ended the short, but gallant life of Captain Josias Rogers; who seemed born, (if nature may be supposed to determine such cases) with a genius for military affairs.

His courage was of the keenest temper. It always rose with the occasion—and only with the occasion. It never exerted itself in a bad cause; nor flagged in a momentous one. Courage, like other virtues, receives its value from its motive. Without a proper motive, it is the ferocity of a wild-beast. And yet even under the influence of a proper motive, it may transgress its bounds, and become rashness. The gallant man, whose portrait is now before us, seemed to know those bounds with great exactness. He braved every danger, to which human power seemed equal; and yet he never engaged in any enterprize, however hazardous, in which he had not a probability of success. All the circumstances of his life prove these remarks.

Some people are always ready to make difficulties. He was remarkable for making none: though he conquered many, which were difficulties to others. A steady perseverance carried him through all. He knew not what despondency was. Hope always played before him, and beckoned him on.

He was remarkably cool, and present to himself; so that in every emergence his mind could act with its full vigour. It was owing to

this coolness of temper, that he never got into any difficulties with his brother-officers. I could not hear, that he had ever been engaged in a private quarrel.

When he commanded in any expedition alone, and had his own judgment to guide him, no man could act more judiciously. His judgment always pointed out to him that measure, which in the circumstance before him was best. Of this we have a remarkable instance, when he boldly, but most judiciously, though he was then only a very young man, landed to take a battery in flank, which he thought might be dangerous if passed in front.*

No man ever spared himself less. In every business he set the example of exertion. Of this his whole life was an instance. Sir John Jervis would often call him to account for exerting himself more than he ought.

No man again ever indulged himself less. When he was engaged in any enterprize, himself was never in his thoughts. The business before him wholly ingrossed him. Eating, sleeping, every thing that related to him-

See page 42.

self, was considered merely as matter of necessity. Many a time he would roll himself up in his boat-cloak, and with a shot-box for his pillow, take the little rest he allowed himself to take. He was actuated therefore with something more than a mere sense of duty. A mere sense of duty is a cold, inanimate principle. It suffers nothing wrong; but it leads to nothing great. His sense of duty was fired with a zeal, which pushed him to be always first in every exertion. It is this noble zeal, which turns soldiers into heroes—statesmen into patriots—and churchmen into saints.

To these elevated parts of his character may be added his great skill in his profession. Of no part of it, he was ignorant—from the minutest to the most important. He understood the quality of a rope, and the mechanism of a ship, equally well: and could steer her course with as much judgment, as he could form her in a line of battle.

With the bays, shoals, and harbours, of our own coasts particularly, and those of America, he was well acquainted. He had sounded most of them, and knew the best anchorage

in each; and could point out with great exactness all the sunken rocks, which lurked in any of them. His carrying a flag-ship into Plymouth harbour*, when the pilots were backward in doing it, was an instance of skill in pilotage, which surprized every body.

Even in points not immediately connected with his profession, he was very intelligent—even more so often than those, who had made those points their more particular study. His battery against Fort-royal in Martinico † was more happily placed, than any of the batteries, that were raised against it: and his military exertions in the island of Grenada ‡ would have done credit to the most experienced general-officer.

In short, his character was such in the navy, that every Admiral wished to have him under his command, as the best means of insuring success. He was equally useful in the domestic government of the ship (if I may so speak) as in the conduct of her in battle.—Once we have seen him honoured by a contest

* See page 71. † See page 110.
‡ See page 155, &c.

between two Admirals, each desiring to have him in his service.*

No officer had more the art, than he had, of inspiring his men with ardour to follow him. For though a common seaman may be no judge of the expediency of a military measure, yet he can form a tolerable judgment, whether his officer understands it himself. He can mark in his countenance, and conduct a decisive, or a hesitating manner.

He had another hold upon his men—that of obtaining their affection. They followed him through love, as well as confidence. He was continually doing acts of kindness to them. † We will not assert, that all gallant officers behave kindly to their men, and gain their affections. But, in general perhaps humanity, and courage are united: and the more courage is separated from humanity, the more it degenerates into that kind of bravery, which may be called brutal impetuosity.

But it is in private and domestic life chiefly, that the soldier appears in the most amiable character. Without the qualities of the heart,

* See page 87. † See pages 77, 151.

which fit him for this station, he may indeed be an useful instrument, in time of need, like the sword he carries at his side: but farther than that society not only disavows, but would expel him. Except when the drum beats, he is always an incumbrance, generally a nuisance:

> Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
> Jura negat sibi data ——————

But he who in war is a man of fire; and in private life can call the social virtues round him, is the man, whom his country at all times prizes; and takes with rapture to her bosom.

One can hardly conceive, that a person bred like Captain Rogers, in the midst of war, and alarms from his very childhood, could have spent much time in examining the truth, and doctrines of his religion. And yet he might probably have found some leisure in the midst of long voyages, and serene weather. It is certain however, that he shewed in all the instances of his life, that he had imbibed some of the grand, and capital parts of his religion. His devotion to

God, and thankfulness to him for his escape from many dangers, was always, on his deliverance, uppermost in his thoughts. Of this we have several instances. Two or three are recorded*.

He had a great dislike to the practice of swearing in his ship; and would often tell his officers, and men, how foolish, and vile a habit it was. But, he used to say, it was not in his power to prevent it.

With regard to his duty to his neighbour, in the most enlarged sense, he seems to have made it the rule of his life. Even amidst all the horrors of war, he never lost sight of humanity. When an enemy was in arms, the spirit of his country was upon him; and he was all on fire. But an enemy subdued, was taken to his heart like a friend. His prisoners received every indulgence from him, of which their situation was capable: and I have been credibly informed, they used to think themselves happy, when they could get on board his ship.

He who could behave with such mildness to an enemy, may be supposed to have fulfilled

* See page 51, & 151.

all domestic duties. Never was a more affectionate husband, or father. All his ideas of making a fortune, were centered in the happiness of his wife, and children. In the midst of danger they were continually in his thoughts: and it seemed to be the great pleasure of his life to throw out his affections upon paper, whenever he had opportunity.—By the way, it may be remarked, that notwithstanding his limited education, and the busy, and active life he had always led, his style of writing, though, like himself, full of fire, was at the same time, very accurate, and correct. Many of his letters, the account of his early sufferings in America, and other papers, which were put into the hands of the author of this memoir, are all written in a style very superior to what we might expect.

To all his other friends, and relations, as well as to his nearest connections, he was equally kind; and took great pains in pushing several of them forward in life. And when he found they did not exert themselves, as his active mind thought they might have done, he was much disconcerted. "I shall grow callous "in time, (says he, in a letter, on an occa- "sion of this kind) and only think of my own

" good: for I declare all my exertions hitherto " have been more calculated to serve others, " than myself."

To his brothers we have already seen great instances of his affection. When his father died, he had received some little prize-money, but not much. He was so well satisfied however with it, that he gave up his share of his patrimony among his brothers, and sisters.

To his mother, his behaviour was amiable, and tender to a great degree. When he lived at St. Austin's, he was about two miles distant from her. But he charged himself with a breach of filial duty, if he omitted a single day in visiting her.—On the death of his brother, and nephew, one of the greatest distresses he felt, was on his mother's account. In many of his letters to his friends, he is full of this tenderness. One passage lies now before me. " I hope my mother will not suffer the sorrow " occasioned by our late misfortunes to prey " too much on her mind. The trial has been " severe indeed to me; and I require that com- " fort and consolation I am offering to others. " Do all in your power to console her."

His temper was so amiable, and his conversation so lively, that he made friends, wherever

he came. All people, who had opportunity, liked to associate with him. Whoever had a voyage to take, where he was going, wished to take it with him*. At Grenada, where besides his pleasing manners, he had the additional merit of a deliverer, and benefactor, it cannot be conceived, in what esteem, and affection he was held. The Quebec was continually thronged with visitors, who came to pay their respects to him, when he was on board; and when he went on shore, happy was the family, that could entertain him.

His strictness in matters of right, and wrong, was very great. At a very early period of his life he pleased his kind friend, and patron, Sir Andrew Hammond by an instance of his uprightness. When his father fitted him out for sea, he determined, from the first, as he had many brothers, and sisters, to be no more a burden to him. He was a young man of resolution, and persevered, though he was often in difficulties enough. In one of these times of difficulty Capt. Hammond observed his necessity, and lent him ten pounds to put himself in better plight. Some time passed; and though the

* See page 89 and 124.

captain thought no more of his ten pounds, which he considered rather as a gift, than a loan, yet the young man kept it constantly in his mind; and the first little prize-money he received, brought it with joy to the captain, who would not accept it, though he did not soon forget the pleasure it gave him.

In one of his account-books, I find the following articles, which I transcribe as an instance of his exactness.

" Captain Rogers acknowledges, and wishes " the debts after-mentioned, in case of his " death, may be paid, as he has had no oppor- " tunity of paying them himself.

" To James Fog, and William Ketes, boys " belonging to the *General Monk*, five pounds " seven shillings each, being prize-money I " received from Messrs. Prowse and Turn- " bull, agents at Halifax, for them; but have " never had an opportunity of paying it to " them. . . . . 10*l.* 14*s.*

" To George Gilchrist, a servant of mine, " five pounds seven shillings. I am not sure, " whether I paid it to him: but it is my desire, " that, if it be demanded, it should be paid " without hesitation.

" To Thomas Rochford I owe a tavern bill " of one pound twelve shillings, or thereabouts. " He kept the sign of the General Wolfe, in " New York. I have never had an opportu- " nity of paying him: but I desired my friends " Cunningham, and Wardrope to do it, if " they should ever see him."

Under these articles his brother, Captain Thomas Rogers, writes, that he has made inquiry after all these people, and could hear nothing of them.

Having thus drawn to a point the many admirable qualities, and virtues of this very gallant officer, I shall conclude them with a few testimonies in his favour from those who knew him.

We have already seen all the great officers, under whom he served, one after another, bearing testimony to his merit—Sir Andrew Hammond—Lord Howe—Admiral Arbuthnot—Admiral M'Bride—Sir John Jervis—and Sir Charles Grey; we shall now collect a few testimonies from others.

" I cannot too highly approve, (says Ad- " miral Caldwell in a letter to him, dated " March 28, 1795) of your conduct, and ex-

" ertions. Every account from Grenada " brings fresh proofs of your zeal, and abilities, " which shall all faithfully be sent home."

Extract of a letter from Admiral Caldwell to Mr. Stephens, Secretary to the Admiralty, dated April 16, 1795.

" ——— Captain Riou appears to me " an officer of great readiness, and ability; " and I am sorry to say, his health fails him " much.—Captain Rogers is in the same state; " and I believe, if you were to search the " world through, you could not find either " two better men, or better officers."

Extract of a letter from Admiral Caldwell to Mr. Stephens, Secretary to the Admiralty, dated May 1, 1795.

" ——— It is with the greatest concern " I have to desire you to inform the Lords " Commissioners of the Admiralty of the death " of Captain Josias Rogers, of his Majesty's " ship, the Quebec. This most deserving " officer died at Grenada on the 24th ultimo, " of a fever, occasioned by his unceasing " exertions, and over anxiety of mind for the " success of his Majesty's arms, and the safety

" of that unfortunate colony. The president " of the council, and the speaker of the as- " sembly, have written to me in the strongest " terms of acknowledgment of his services, " which have been indefatigable since the " commencement of the insurrection in the " colony. They have written in the name of " the whole community.—To this general tes- " timony of his meritorious conduct I think it " most justly due from me to assure their " lordships, that, in my own opinion his " Majesty could not have lost a more va- " luable officer, whether I consider his know- " ledge, and abilities, or his personal bravery, " and command of himself in the hour of " danger. Certainly no man has ever died in " this country more universally regretted.

" I am, &c.

" BEN. CALDWELL."

Extract from a printed narrative of the insurrection at Grenada, written on the spot.

" ——— In the night of the 5th (March, " 1795) Capt. Rogers, of his Majesty's ship " the Quebec, arrived. He came on shore " about two in the morning, when the presi-

" dent, and council were sitting as a council " of war. With all the gallantry of a British " naval officer, he immediately declared his " readiness to act in every way, that could be " pointed out, in which he might be service- " able. He accordingly went the next morn- " ing to Gonyave for the purpose of landing " his marines, and all the seamen, he could " spare from the necessary defence of his ship, " to co-operate with Captain Gurdon in a " general attack on the camp of the insur- " gents."

Another extract from the same narrative.

" ——— Finding that Colonel Campbell " had no objection to have his troops aided by " a party of sailors, the president lost no time " in applying to Captain Rogers for his con- " currence; who, from the night of his arrival " here, had constantly been employing his " lively faculties in the service of the colony; " and who immediately embraced every op- " portunity that offered, of manifesting his " zeal for its welfare. He directly therefore " expressed the high pleasure he should feel in " gratifying the president's wishes."

Extract from another account printed at Grenada.

" ——— This reinforcement consisted " of fifty marines, headed by the brave, and " active Captain Rogers, of whose services the " inhabitants of Grenada must long retain the " most grateful remembrance."

Extract from another narrative, written at Grenada.

" ——— Our ever memorable Captain " Rogers was attacked by a malignant fever, " which raged here, and died on the 24th of " April, universally lamented. He was at- " tended by a medical gentleman of great emi- " nence; and every thing was done, which " professional judgment could devise, to save " so valuable a life. A most valuable life it " was; and when death snatched him from us, " this island received a severe stroke indeed. " The *tam Mercurio quam Marti*—the *suaviter in modo*, and *fortiter in re*, all strongly " marked his *conversation*—his *manners*, and " his *conduct*. He arrived here at a very " critical time—and immediately rendered the " island a most important service, by managing " with his crew our redoubts, on Hospital

" hill: and from the night he came on shore,
" till the day he fell sick, unremittingly em-
" ployed his lively, vigorous intellects to ren-
" der himself useful in every way he could, to
" the colony. The president found a treasure
" in him, and consulted him on all public oc-
" casions. Fain would I attempt to sketch
" Captain Rogers's character at full length:
" but I have not time, nor indeed powers to
" to do it justice."

Extract from one of the president's speeches to the council, and assembly at Grenada.

" ——— Among the misfortunes, which
" this island hath experienced, I must particu-
" larly regret the death of Captain Rogers, of
" his Majesty's ship, the Quebec, who was
" eminently distinguished by his zeal, and
" activity in the service of the island; and to
" whose memory some mark of public grati-
" tude is most justly due."

This was followed by a vote of the assembly for erecting a monument, at the public expence, over his remains. And his widow erected in Lymington church, a handsome cenotaph to his memory by Bacon, with the following inscription:

AS
A TRIBUTE OF
GRATEFUL AFFECTION,
THIS MONUMENT
IS SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN
JOSIAS ROGERS,
OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP
QUEBEC,

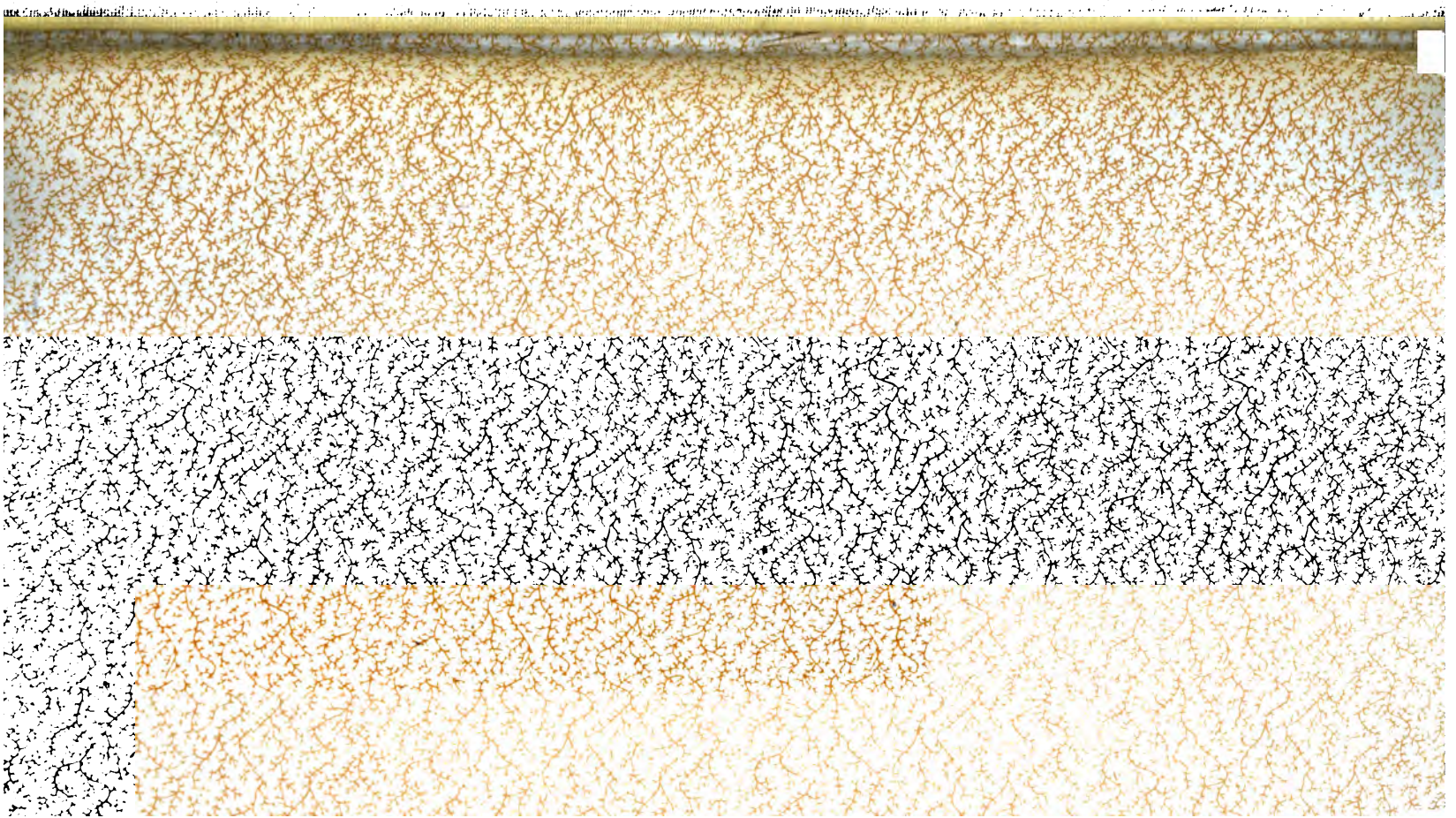
Who, during the American War, braved every Danger, and suffered all the Severities of Wounds and Imprisonment. In the Campaign of 1794, he commanded the Naval Battalions, at the Reduction of all the French Islands in the West Indies, where his Services were great to his Country, and honourable to his own Character. In his Exertions to save Grenada, he died of the Yellow Fever, on the 24th of April, 1795, aged 40. The Council of Grenada decreed a Monument in Honour of his Public Services; And in Remembrance of his Private Virtues, his Widow soothed her Sorrows, by inscribing this Tablet to his Memory.

By the same dreadful Disorder, on the 13th of May, 1794, (after having distinguished himself in the Dangers and Fatigues of the Cam-

paign) fell at Guadaloupe, in his 26th Year, JAMES ROGERS, his Brother, and First Lieutenant of the same Ship; whose generous and manly Principles were admired by all who knew him.

On the 9th of the same Month, at the Age of 19; the Promise of Virtue and Talents, in JOSIAS ROGERS, his Nephew, and also Lieutenant of the Quebec, died at Martinique, by the same Fatality.

G. Woodfall Printer,
Paternoster-Row, London.



B'D SEP 27 1918